

The birth of a bureaucracy

By Michael Roberts

FRANKLIN D. SCOTT:
Sweden: The Nation's History
654pp. Minneapolis: University of Minnesota Press. \$25.

The observer of the contemporary Swedish scene, impressed or depressed according to his cast of mind, might perhaps be excused for wondering how much of Sweden's history is relevant to the world outside, or even to the inmates of those surprising human enclosures which affront the sky at Årsta, Täby, and other choice samples of Social Democratic suburbia. Twenty years ago, in an inaugural lecture at Uppsala, Professor Sten Carlsson made a gallant plea for the maintenance of a balance in Swedish historiography between the individual and the collective. The appeal was probably vain even then (Swedish historians tend to regard the writing of biographies as a slightly shameful action for which it is necessary to apologise); and it certainly does not cut much ice now, as the student of Swedish historical journals well knows.

What makes a Swedish historian's blood course more quickly in his veins is controversy about methodology, or about pedagogical problems (which means in fact whether history should be subservient to prevailing ideologies); and the study he tends to prefer nowadays is the study of movements: the temperance movement, the cooperative movement, the women's movement, the Free Church movement, the sharpshooter movement, and so on. Hence he is interested above all in the history of the past century and a half, during which such movements arose and flourished. And this in turn induces something like a wide interpretation of Swedish history: the past tends increasingly to be looked at, to interest, and to be judged, according as it conduces, or appears to conduce, to the 'benefic vision of present-day planners. And if the non-Swedish reader is looking for an answer to the question 'Why is the Sweden of 1977 as it is?', this is certainly one way of providing it, though the answer will be both incomplete and distorted.

Franklin Scott is to be congratulated on his attempt to take this way. *His Sweden: The Nation's History* is a solid and serious attempt to survey the whole of Swedish his-

tory, from the end of the last Ice Age onwards. He is primarily a historian of nineteenth and twentieth-century Sweden, and almost half the book is devoted to the period after 1809; but even so he provides the most thorough account available in English of the long centuries which came before, shirking nothing (not even the desperate tangles of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries), getting the proportions pretty right, marvelously well-read, offering pertinent and often illuminating comments, and disarmingly enthusiastic about Great Men.

He is right to give plenty of space to this earlier period, for the roots of modern Sweden reach deep, and the society which enjoys the welfare state was shaped by powerful influences which are still operative, and which are hardly less potent than those acronyms by which so much of contemporary Swedish life appears to be regulated. What, after all, marks off the history of Sweden from that of most other countries? Geographical (and hence cultural) isolation, of course; a large time-lag in regard to all sorts of developments common to countries in the West. But the differences are not simply functions of time and space. The most memorable facts about the Swedish Middle Ages were none of them directly related to these dimensions.

The first of those facts was that Sweden was never a feudal country. The second was the existence of a large class of landowning, tax-paying peasant-farmers, who from the fifteenth century began to appear as a separate Estate in that emerging institution which would become the Riksdag: a state of affairs peculiar to Scandinavia. And the presence of the Estate of Peasants in the Riksdag was matched by their participation, to a unique degree, in the business of local government and the administration of local justice: in the hundred court, in the village meeting, in the parochial council; as also by the fact that congregations were often the patrons of livings. The Middle Ages left Sweden with a pattern of grass-roots democracy which has never been erased, and which provided a solid basis upon which modern democracy might build.

The third great bequest of the Middle Ages was the idea of the rule of law, enshrined in the famous

sentence of Magnus Eriksson's Land Law (1350) that 'the land shall be built upon law, and not on force'; an idea which was neither negated nor weakened by the bloody and unmemorable struggles of rival dynasties and magnates which Professor Scott, with gritted teeth, so loyally records.

Beneath this troubled surface, life remained remarkably static: no Peasant Revolt, no conflict between Church and state, no Lollardy: in the whole pre-Reformation period scarcely so much as a whiff of heresy. Thus this last characteristic was not merely an aspect of Sweden's remoteness from the currents of European thought, but became plain when the Reformation came along: for one of the most striking things about Swedish Protestantism for the next three centuries was the almost total absence of any sectarian movements, in spite of the fact that the country was easily accessible to such influences from Germany.

The painless transition from Catholicism to Protestantism which filled the sixteenth century left a social order unaffected by any marked change in land ownership. No rising gentry class appropriated the former lands of the Church, which went mostly to the king, and otherwise to the small established class of landowning magnates. The Estate of Clergy gave the Church a footing in the Riksdag; and though no churchman ever there after held high office, Church and state were welded solidly together by the obligation laid upon the clergy to act as the state's unpaid civil servants.

In such a situation sectarianism impinged the one no less than the other. Thus in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries Sweden missed the stimulating popular education of England: 'enthusiasts' were suppressed without ado; Pietism remained within the Church, and was heavily frowned on. It was not until the Free Church movements of the nineteenth century that the religious strength of the monarchy was cracked; and when that happened it revealed how much Sweden had missed by her exemption from such experiences earlier. For the Free Church movements were a secular and rational force which helped to transform Swedish society. It is easy to deplore the theo-

logical rigidity of Swedish Lutheranism, and the stultifying nature of the influence it exerted by its monopoly of education: it can hardly be denied that when in 1832 candidates for commissions in the army were at last relieved from the obligation to pass examinations in Hebrew and Greek, the reform was a little overdue. But it would be unjust to minimize the tremendous pioneering labours of Swedish Lutheranism in bringing civilization, decency and a modicum of literacy to the remote and inaccessible areas of a vast country: without the groundwork they had laid, the great intellectual efflorescence of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries could hardly have occurred.

If the Swedish Middle Ages were marked by violent struggles for power, and the fiefs which gave power, not the least remarkable thing about the centuries after Sweden finally obtained her independence (in 1523) is that struggles of any kind have been so few and so inconsiderable, whether for power or for principle. This is a history of change by gradual processes, the former lands of the Church, the revolts are rare and trivial, and the one example of civil war (at the end of the sixteenth century) was over almost before it had begun. And if we look away from political history to social transformations, it is the same story. The enclosure movement (or what corresponded to it), though it disrupted the old Swedish village, was done coolly, gradually, equitably (on the whole) and it never generated sufficient suffering to produce angry and desperate popular reaction: the slaughter of peasants at Skatte in 1811 came not from their resistance to the reforms of Rutger Maclean, but from their opposition to an unduly rigorous conscription. The peasant farmer did not lose his land; and the agricultural proletariat of the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries was not the result of any such dispossession, but of a population explosion and the lack of alternative openings for employment.

So too with the Industrial Revolution. Coming late to Sweden, with the lessons to be learnt from others' mistakes well noted, with foreign capital readily available, with the old tradition of care and concern for the worker still strong, Swedish industry could grow naturally in the accustomed soil of the old rural

'works' (*bruk*), and escape the worst strains of the English factory system. Strains there were of course: a general strike in the shunting of stockers at Årsta in 1931; but the Social Democratic class war as a necessary means of class war was a necessary means of class war, as an end in itself, favour of a policy which presumes a community of interest between employers and employed, and no welfare rather than dogma is its consideration.

But if there was no great blood-letting, modern Swedish history nevertheless offered three traumatic experiences. Two of them were war and pestilence: the year disaster from 1710 to 1721, the similar though shorter episode of 1809-10. The third was the drain of population by emigration which reached its peak in the 1870s and 1880s, and was the result of growth of population in advanced countries, and the pace of industrialization, of classophobic atmosphere of the late nineteenth-century Sweden, and of the longing for the free, individualistic life of the West. The reflux effects of emigration have been the powerful external influence on Sweden since the time of the last

Apart from these major catastrophes, there have always been years of demographic disaster, as to the latter half of the last century when the peasant farmer was driven to feed his cattle on root-crops, and himself on hard-bread. It is no wonder if welfare and economic considerations in the minds of Swedish rulers. No wonder either if a concern for good government has become one of the strongest features of the Swedish electorate. But is no new thing: it has been a leitmotiv in Swedish history since the late sixteenth century. I was the main element in the 1809-10 disaster. Nothing was so important as the great national emergency of 1809-10. It crystallized in the Government of 1643, which Sweden a logically articulated central government whose essential elements have survived down to our day. And, as a necessary concomitant, laid the foundations for the immortal bureaucracy which now runs the country.

The bureaucracy began as a creation of the nobility; after it became the right arm of the

monarchy; in the eighteenth century it was the administrative front of an absolute parliament; but whatever the political context within which it operated it has for centuries had a continuous life, a continuing authority and prestige, which made it, and still make it, the strongest element in the state.

In 1719 the bureaucracy broke the absolutism which tried to bypass it; in 1768 by a concerted strike it overthrew a ministry which tried to discipline it. At first it was not the marvellously incorrupt corps which we know today; but very early it was a service selected on merit (Civil Service examinations date from the eighteenth century); and from its beginnings it was unique in one thing: there was no venality of office.

To a foreign observer it may sometimes seem that the Swedes have paid a high price for the good government which they have certainly secured: as welfare spreads, liberty looks pale; the bureaucracy is assumed to be right, and the citizen who confronts abuses of power, or power, tyrannies, arbitrary actions, by parliament itself, to the imperilment of the whole system. But it was a system eminently worth saving. There was nothing so advanced anywhere in Europe. And so there came, in 1769, what was perhaps one of the decisive moments in Swedish history. In that year the friends of the constitution, the friends of liberty, came out in a full force. The purpose was to guarantee the citizen against the arbitrary action of the Riksdag. It was inspired, significantly

enough, by English models, and in the debates upon it Magna Carta, the Petition of Right, Habeas Corpus, and the Bill of Rights were repeatedly exhibited by its advocates in support of their case. They pleaded also for the separation of powers, for a balance of forces in the constitution, in the belief that these things, too, were essential ingredients of the English system. It was the most serious attempt in Swedish history to protect by legislation the rights of the individual against the encroachments of the collective. And it failed; ironically enough, partly because British bribes induced men to throw it out, though that was far from being the only reason. So the Act of Security was defeated; the abuses it was designed to correct continued; and the coup d'état of Gustavus III in 1772 closed for ever the prospect of progress along that road.

Balance, indeed, was secured by the constitution of 1809; and at the same time the introduction of the bicameral system gave to the citizen a feeble protection against bureaucrats who did not conform to the rules they had drawn for themselves. Parliamentary reform in 1866 replaced the old Estates by a bicameral legislature. And twenty-century Sweden was left with a balance of a new sort, a balance not of legislative, executive and judiciary, but a balance of bureaucracy, the trade unions, and the Riksdag, with the Riksdag, of course, the supreme authority. It was not a result which would have commended itself to the more liberal parliamentarians of the Age of Liberty.

That doctrine soon became an orthodoxy as rigid and intolerant as ever divine-right absolutism had been. For the Riksdag asserted that it represented the state, but that it was the state; in defiance, if need be, of its own constituents. And, as always in Sweden, the state's interests overrode the rights and liberties of the citizen. Hence came abuses of power, tyrannies, arbitrary actions, by parliament itself, to the imperilment of the whole system. But it was a system eminently worth saving. There was nothing so advanced anywhere in Europe. And so there came, in 1769, what was perhaps one of the decisive moments in Swedish history. In that year the friends of the constitution, the friends of liberty, came out in a full force. The purpose was to guarantee the citizen against the arbitrary action of the Riksdag. It was inspired, significantly

Throughout the sixteenth century the Riksdag made good its standing as the agent, the ally, of the monarchy; it was only at the end of it that there emerged, with Erik Sparre, the notion of parliament as a check upon the crown. It was in origin an aristocratic tradition, it was closely linked to the demand for good government, but it nevertheless generated constitutional claims which for three centuries quartered the seventeenth century seem to foreshadow a history closely analogous to that of parliament in England. No one, indeed, suffered the fate of Sir John Eliot, and still less that of Algernon Sidney, but Claes Ralm in the twenty years after 1660 is recognizably Sweden's first Whig.

In 1675 the Riksdag established something like the idea of ministerial responsibility to parliament. But in 1680 the trend is abruptly halted and reversed. For valid material reasons, the Riksdag considered to be welfare, the rights and liberties accumulated over the past few decades 'are willingly discarded in favour of a popular, efficient, absolutism which has parliament in its pocket'. The classic opposition was forced underground for a generation; but it clung to its whiggish principles, and they produced that extraordinary episode of the 'Age of Liberty'.

In the years between 1720 and 1772 Sweden, the first great age, acquired a truly sovereign parliament, with a firmly asserted principle of ministerial responsibility, an elaborate and sophisticated committee system, an elaborate system of checks and balances, and the impact of tele-

monarchy; in the eighteenth century it was the administrative front of an absolute parliament; but whatever the political context within which it operated it has for centuries had a continuous life, a continuing authority and prestige, which made it, and still make it, the strongest element in the state.

In 1719 the bureaucracy broke the absolutism which tried to bypass it; in 1768 by a concerted strike it overthrew a ministry which tried to discipline it. At first it was not the marvellously incorrupt corps which we know today; but very early it was a service selected on merit (Civil Service examinations date from the eighteenth century); and from its beginnings it was unique in one thing: there was no venality of office.

To a foreign observer it may sometimes seem that the Swedes have paid a high price for the good government which they have certainly secured: as welfare spreads, liberty looks pale; the bureaucracy is assumed to be right, and the citizen who confronts abuses of power, or power, tyrannies, arbitrary actions, by parliament itself, to the imperilment of the whole system. But it was a system eminently worth saving. There was nothing so advanced anywhere in Europe. And so there came, in 1769, what was perhaps one of the decisive moments in Swedish history. In that year the friends of the constitution, the friends of liberty, came out in a full force. The purpose was to guarantee the citizen against the arbitrary action of the Riksdag. It was inspired, significantly

enough, by English models, and in the debates upon it Magna Carta, the Petition of Right, Habeas Corpus, and the Bill of Rights were repeatedly exhibited by its advocates in support of their case. They pleaded also for the separation of powers, for a balance of forces in the constitution, in the belief that these things, too, were essential ingredients of the English system. It was the most serious attempt in Swedish history to protect by legislation the rights of the individual against the encroachments of the collective. And it failed; ironically enough, partly because British bribes induced men to throw it out, though that was far from being the only reason. So the Act of Security was defeated; the abuses it was designed to correct continued; and the coup d'état of Gustavus III in 1772 closed for ever the prospect of progress along that road.

Balance, indeed, was secured by the constitution of 1809; and at the same time the introduction of the bicameral system gave to the citizen a feeble protection against bureaucrats who did not conform to the rules they had drawn for themselves. Parliamentary reform in 1866 replaced the old Estates by a bicameral legislature. And twenty-century Sweden was left with a balance of a new sort, a balance not of legislative, executive and judiciary, but a balance of bureaucracy, the trade unions, and the Riksdag, with the Riksdag, of course, the supreme authority. It was not a result which would have commended itself to the more liberal parliamentarians of the Age of Liberty.

That doctrine soon became an orthodoxy as rigid and intolerant as ever divine-right absolutism had been. For the Riksdag asserted that it represented the state, but that it was the state; in defiance, if need be, of its own constituents. And, as always in Sweden, the state's interests overrode the rights and liberties of the citizen. Hence came abuses of power, tyrannies, arbitrary actions, by parliament itself, to the imperilment of the whole system. But it was a system eminently worth saving. There was nothing so advanced anywhere in Europe. And so there came, in 1769, what was perhaps one of the decisive moments in Swedish history. In that year the friends of the constitution, the friends of liberty, came out in a full force. The purpose was to guarantee the citizen against the arbitrary action of the Riksdag. It was inspired, significantly

Throughout the sixteenth century the Riksdag made good its standing as the agent, the ally, of the monarchy; it was only at the end of it that there emerged, with Erik Sparre, the notion of parliament as a check upon the crown. It was in origin an aristocratic tradition, it was closely linked to the demand for good government, but it nevertheless generated constitutional claims which for three centuries quartered the seventeenth century seem to foreshadow a history closely analogous to that of parliament in England. No one, indeed, suffered the fate of Sir John Eliot, and still less that of Algernon Sidney, but Claes Ralm in the twenty years after 1660 is recognizably Sweden's first Whig.

In 1675 the Riksdag established something like the idea of ministerial responsibility to parliament. But in 1680 the trend is abruptly halted and reversed. For valid material reasons, the Riksdag considered to be welfare, the rights and liberties accumulated over the past few decades 'are willingly discarded in favour of a popular, efficient, absolutism which has parliament in its pocket'. The classic opposition was forced underground for a generation; but it clung to its whiggish principles, and they produced that extraordinary episode of the 'Age of Liberty'.

In 1675 the Riksdag established something like the idea of ministerial responsibility to parliament. But in 1680 the trend is abruptly halted and reversed. For valid material reasons, the Riksdag considered to be welfare, the rights and liberties accumulated over the past few decades 'are willingly discarded in favour of a popular, efficient, absolutism which has parliament in its pocket'. The classic opposition was forced underground for a generation; but it clung to its whiggish principles, and they produced that extraordinary episode of the 'Age of Liberty'.

In the years between 1720 and 1772 Sweden, the first great age, acquired a truly sovereign parliament, with a firmly asserted principle of ministerial responsibility, an elaborate and sophisticated committee system, an elaborate system of checks and balances, and the impact of tele-

monarchy; in the eighteenth century it was the administrative front of an absolute parliament; but whatever the political context within which it operated it has for centuries had a continuous life, a continuing authority and prestige, which made it, and still make it, the strongest element in the state.

In 1719 the bureaucracy broke the absolutism which tried to bypass it; in 1768 by a concerted strike it overthrew a ministry which tried to discipline it. At first it was not the marvellously incorrupt corps which we know today; but very early it was a service selected on merit (Civil Service examinations date from the eighteenth century); and from its beginnings it was unique in one thing: there was no venality of office.

To a foreign observer it may sometimes seem that the Swedes have paid a high price for the good government which they have certainly secured: as welfare spreads, liberty looks pale; the bureaucracy is assumed to be right, and the citizen who confronts abuses of power, or power, tyrannies, arbitrary actions, by parliament itself, to the imperilment of the whole system. But it was a system eminently worth saving. There was nothing so advanced anywhere in Europe. And so there came, in 1769, what was perhaps one of the decisive moments in Swedish history. In that year the friends of the constitution, the friends of liberty, came out in a full force. The purpose was to guarantee the citizen against the arbitrary action of the Riksdag. It was inspired, significantly

enough, by English models, and in the debates upon it Magna Carta, the Petition of Right, Habeas Corpus, and the Bill of Rights were repeatedly exhibited by its advocates in support of their case. They pleaded also for the separation of powers, for a balance of forces in the constitution, in the belief that these things, too, were essential ingredients of the English system. It was the most serious attempt in Swedish history to protect by legislation the rights of the individual against the encroachments of the collective. And it failed; ironically enough, partly because British bribes induced men to throw it out, though that was far from being the only reason. So the Act of Security was defeated; the abuses it was designed to correct continued; and the coup d'état of Gustavus III in 1772 closed for ever the prospect of progress along that road.

Balance, indeed, was secured by the constitution of 1809; and at the same time the introduction of the bicameral system gave to the citizen a feeble protection against bureaucrats who did not conform to the rules they had drawn for themselves. Parliamentary reform in 1866 replaced the old Estates by a bicameral legislature. And twenty-century Sweden was left with a balance of a new sort, a balance not of legislative, executive and judiciary, but a balance of bureaucracy, the trade unions, and the Riksdag, with the Riksdag, of course, the supreme authority. It was not a result which would have commended itself to the more liberal parliamentarians of the Age of Liberty.

That doctrine soon became an orthodoxy as rigid and intolerant as ever divine-right absolutism had been. For the Riksdag asserted that it represented the state, but that it was the state; in defiance, if need be, of its own constituents. And, as always in Sweden, the state's interests overrode the rights and liberties of the citizen. Hence came abuses of power, tyrannies, arbitrary actions, by parliament itself, to the imperilment of the whole system. But it was a system eminently worth saving. There was nothing so advanced anywhere in Europe. And so there came, in 1769, what was perhaps one of the decisive moments in Swedish history. In that year the friends of the constitution, the friends of liberty, came out in a full force. The purpose was to guarantee the citizen against the arbitrary action of the Riksdag. It was inspired, significantly

Throughout the sixteenth century the Riksdag made good its standing as the agent, the ally, of the monarchy; it was only at the end of it that there emerged, with Erik Sparre, the notion of parliament as a check upon the crown. It was in origin an aristocratic tradition, it was closely linked to the demand for good government, but it nevertheless generated constitutional claims which for three centuries quartered the seventeenth century seem to foreshadow a history closely analogous to that of parliament in England. No one, indeed, suffered the fate of Sir John Eliot, and still less that of Algernon Sidney, but Claes Ralm in the twenty years after 1660 is recognizably Sweden's first Whig.

In 1675 the Riksdag established something like the idea of ministerial responsibility to parliament. But in 1680 the trend is abruptly halted and reversed. For valid material reasons, the Riksdag considered to be welfare, the rights and liberties accumulated over the past few decades 'are willingly discarded in favour of a popular, efficient, absolutism which has parliament in its pocket'. The classic opposition was forced underground for a generation; but it clung to its whiggish principles, and they produced that extraordinary episode of the 'Age of Liberty'.

In 1675 the Riksdag established something like the idea of ministerial responsibility to parliament. But in 1680 the trend is abruptly halted and reversed. For valid material reasons, the Riksdag considered to be welfare, the rights and liberties accumulated over the past few decades 'are willingly discarded in favour of a popular, efficient, absolutism which has parliament in its pocket'. The classic opposition was forced underground for a generation; but it clung to its whiggish principles, and they produced that extraordinary episode of the 'Age of Liberty'.

In the years between 1720 and 1772 Sweden, the first great age, acquired a truly sovereign parliament, with a firmly asserted principle of ministerial responsibility, an elaborate and sophisticated committee system, an elaborate system of checks and balances, and the impact of tele-

A SELECTION OF TITLES PUBLISHED BY METHUEN IN 1977

Nations and States

An enquiry into the origins of nations and the politics of nationalism

HUGH SETON-WATSON

This book takes and compares examples from different periods of history and from most parts of the world in an attempt to expose the processes by which nations have been formed, or nationalist movements have grown, seeking not to deny the uniqueness of each but to suggest parallels where these seem to exist. £12.00

The Struggle for Asia, 1828-1914

DAVID GILLARD

A study of the classic case of rival British and Russian Imperialisms that met in nineteenth and early twentieth-century Asia. ... to my knowledge the first attempt by an academic to give a synoptic account of (this struggle) for the general reader ... fills the gap very well indeed. Michael Howard, *The Sunday Times* £8.95

Egypt 1798-1952

Journey towards a modern identity
J C B RICHMOND

'Sir John Richmond tackles the task with clarity and zest ... a perfectly competent survey, particularly interesting in its analysis of the community tensions within Egypt.' *New Society* £7.50 University Paperback £4.50

Behind the Mirror

A search for a natural history of human knowledge
KONRAD LORENZ

'A review cannot do justice to the wealth of topics, the rich store of ideas with which Lorenz presents us. ... Even when Lorenz is dealing with difficult ideas, he always illustrates them with humour and anecdote.' Anthony Storr, *Sunday Times* £4.90 University Paperback £2.75

The Child with Spina Bifida

ELIZABETH M ANDERSON AND BERNIE SPAIN

... combines a rare general wisdom with detailed analysis and information. *Claire Tomlin, The Sunday Times* ... cannot, I feel sure fail to become the definitive general text on spina bifida. Morris Fraser, *New Statesman* £7.50 Paperback £4.95

Poems of the Elizabethan Age

An anthology
GEOFFREY G HILLER

This anthology represents the poetry of the Elizabethan age through a selection of poems written in the five literary genres through which were most popular in the period: the sonnet, lyric, satire, pastoral and didactic romance. In true making available the most important poetry of the period in its context, Dr Hiller has provided an invaluable tool for teachers and students of Elizabethan literature. £8.50 University Paperback £2.95

The Novels of Virginia Woolf

HERMIONE LEE

... offers some absorbing and well-supported ideas towards a finer appreciation of Virginia Woolf's art and intellectual aims. *Times Educational Supplement* £5.50 University Paperback £2.95

Lukács and Heidegger
Toward a New Philosophy
LUCIEN GOLDMANN
Translated by William G. Schabert
The distinguished Marxist philosopher and sociologist Lucien Goldmann died in 1970. This work is of special interest in that it represents his thinking in two other leading representatives of the European movement in philosophy. Based on university lectures which he gave in 1967-8, it offers an introduction to the work of Lukács and Heidegger. £3.50

Berkeley
GEORGE FITCHER
A thorough-going exploration of Berkeley's metaphysical views, this study shows that they developed from his reflections about sense perception, and were formed in conscious opposition to Locke. *New Theory of Vision* is discussed at length, as is his conception of the mind and his doctrine of 'passive obedience'. *Arguments of the Philosophers Series* £7.50

Phenomenology and the Social World
The Philosophy of Merleau-Ponty and its Relation to the Social Sciences
LAURIE SPORLING
This study is one of the few books on Merleau-Ponty's philosophy to locate his phenomenological approach within contemporary Anglo-American philosophy, and social science, and to show how phenomenology seeks to unite the two disciplines, rather than to define them as mutually exclusive areas of knowledge. *International Library of Sociology* £6.95

From Oedipus to Moses
Freud's Jewish Identity
MARTIN ROBERT
Translated by Ralph Manheim
Through references in Freud's correspondence and his dream analyses, the author describes Freud's struggle to reconcile his Jewish background with the scientific, secular and rationalist mood of late nineteenth century Vienna, and the relationship between his Jewish identity and his theory of psychoanalysis. *The Littman Library of Jewish Civilization* £5.00

Progress and its Problems
Towards a Theory of Scientific Growth
LARRY LAUDAN
A fresh and stimulating perspective on the course of human intellectual affairs, this work should afford provocative reading for the historian and sociologist as well as the philosopher and scientist.

On the Economic Identification of Social Classes
GUGLIELMO CARCHEDI
The articles in this collection centre on the economic identification of social classes in those countries where capitalism has reached the monopolistic stage. The nature of the new middle class, its process of proletarianization, and the reproduction of social classes are all discussed in this important work of Marxist analysis. £4.95

The Mysteries of Modern Science
BRIAN STABLEFORD
Scientific fact and the historical changes which have overtaken scientific thought during the last hundred years are dealt with in this study. Written in a way that makes the subject accessible to the layman, it explores new ways of looking at the history and content of sciences using perspectives derived from the sociology of science. £4.95

Routledge & Kegan Paul
39 Store Street, London W.C.1

The autistic artist

By Rosemary Dinnafe

JOURNALS
Nadia
137pp. Academic Press. £6.25.

The drawing reproduced here is the work of a severely abnormal, backward child, although she was five and a half years old when she drew it, her verbal understanding hardly reached the level of a year-old baby and her vocabulary consisted of a few single words. She could, rather clumsily, walk and run, bow and toss, or feed herself properly. Except when tested on certain perceptual puzzles, her level of intelligence was more or less beneath assessment, as she could not understand or cooperate on most tests. She showed little interest in people, either adults or children. From a child of this kind the existence of even one such drawing, let alone the hundred reproduced in *Nadia*, raises enormously complex questions about the nature of intelligence and of artistic processes.

But is this not loading with excessive significance an abnormal child's gifted scribble? Is it conceivable that such a child should have special skills of hand and eye? And are the drawings really so exceptional? Lorna Selfe's achievement in this book is that without losing her way in jargon she can make clear just how great a puzzle the drawings do pose, and how central are the issues they raise.

To do this she outlines Nadia's background and personality; summarizes the assessments of her abilities; describes her way of drawing and choosing subjects; compares it with what has been observed about the drawings of various types of child—normal, gifted, retarded, deaf-mute, autistic; and discusses the numerous implications, suggesting a very tentative explanation of Nadia's extraordinary gift. As we follow her exposition we are able to see that it is extraordinary, and that it leads to the central question of the book: what is actually involved in artistic representation?

It has been assumed that two independent factors determine the development of representation from the scribble: first, the degree of skilled adult art; increasing intelligence, in the sense of ability to notice, organize and more and more successfully transfer visual observations on to a flat surface; and the work of other artists, seen in anything from comic books to tapestries, from which the conventions for representing perspective, mass, and movement are learnt. The latter factor is implicit in Gombrich's analysis of the adult artist's creation of a perceptual code from the work of his contemporaries; the former assumption comes from looking at children's pictures and the stages they almost invariably go through.

After the stage of scribbling haphazardly for pleasure, most children first attempt to represent a face or figure, by four or five years old, and then, and later, are rather happily drawn in place; and after five come more details, more control of line, and simple backgrounds to figures. Attempts at perspective do not usually start before at least seven years old, and not until nine years or later do most children stop drawing diagrams of what they know to be there, and start grappling with the problems of representing what they see. The stage of scribbling, then, is a stage of discovery, and the child's movement and relative position. Most people do not get very far along this road; the talented eventually learn the successful techniques of lifelike realism. The very talented, later still, discard realism, simplify, and acquire a personal style with its valuable idiosyncrasies and distortions. Such work, as we know, paradoxically has more life and reality in it than the photographic copy.

Looking at Nadia's drawings in relation to these norms, we can more vividly see how freakish they are. The influence of other art may be there (she seldom drew from life), but only of picture-books and ephemera, which are utterly transformed in her copies. For more strikingly, it is only in the past few years that autism has been distinguished from straight-

ings, done at the age of three, show the same free, confident line that she used in five and six, though rather cruder. Lorna Selfe points out some of the specific achievements of the drawings—the fullness of detail, the correctness of perspective, the placing of shading where it is needed—but analysis cannot pin down the fine, flowing movement of Nadia's line, its indefinable quality of style. It is seen at its clearest when one of her drawings is next to the picture-book original (reproduced in the book) or to the uninspired adult drawing the author made for Nadia to copy.

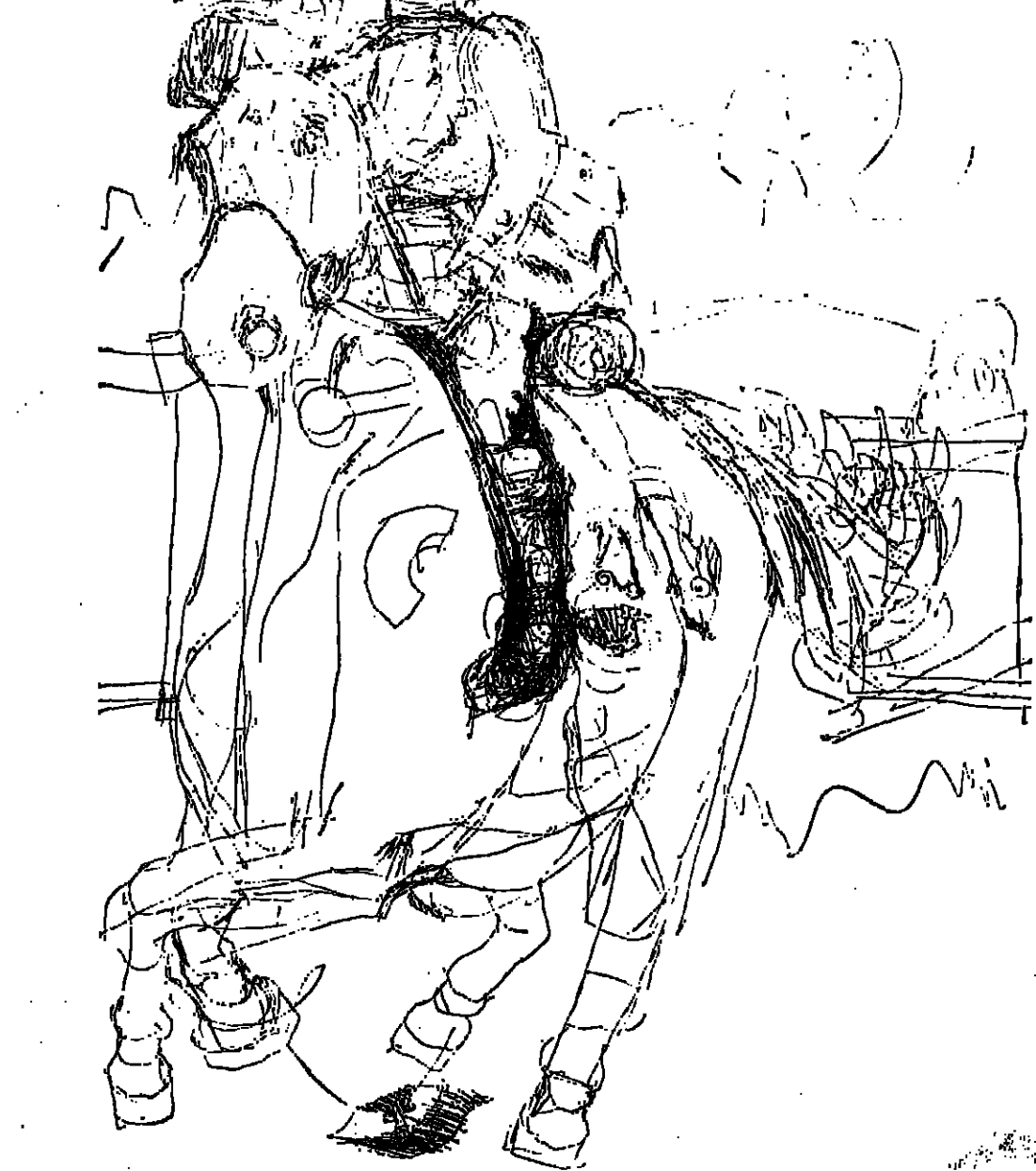
Intelligence has always been assumed to be linked with the progress of children's drawing; so much so that one intelligence test actually consists of drawing a figure and is scored on such points as eye-hand coordination, number of details used, and correct proportioning. The challenge to the rationale of such a test—that the child's drawing is directly related to his conceptual grasp of its subject—is shown most strikingly by the fact that Nadia's intelligence quotient, on other tests pitifully low or unassessable, would be a brilliant 160 on this one.

This is where the crux of the problem of the drawings lie. The representation of space, perspective, and proportion must involve complex conceptualization—that is, "intelligence"—and the vast majority of children's drawings would seem to confirm that in early childhood general intelligence and "drawing intelligence" run nearly enough parallel to be considered as aspects of one process of intellectual growth. Rudolf Arnheim, after praising the cognitive achievement involved in merely drawing a chimney straight instead of diagonally against a roof, writes that "as the mind grows subtler, it becomes capable of incorporating the intricacies of perceptual appearance, thereby obtaining a richer image of reality, which suits the more differentiated thinking of the developed mind". How then can a retarded, speechless, uncomprehending child managed to grasp the complexities represented in the drawings? For instance, been able to look at a crude illustration of an animal she had seldom seen in real life, retain the memory of it for a considerable period, and then correctly draw it in a different position?

It has been taken for granted, too, that after the scribbling stage the younger child is more concerned to make a kind of diagram of what is in front of him than to represent what he sees, and over and over again children's drawings confirm this. Gombrich has illustrated this well in his reproduction of an eleven-year-old's copy of Constable's "Wivenhoe Park" as he says, it is "really a ddy enumeration of the principal items of the picture, particularly those that would interest a child"—and a thousand times more "childish" than the five-year-old Nadia's drawings.

Implicit, perhaps, in this (though neither Gombrich nor Arnheim would assume it) is that children use language to mediate between the seeing and drawing. Nadia's utterances, therefore, also raise the question of the relation of speech to intelligence—an old question which has never had a satisfactory answer. Early psychological experiments suggested that judgments and decisions could be easily made without any verbal thinking; but introspection fell out of favour under behaviourist influence, and the question was languished. Research with deaf (and therefore dumb) children has had contradictory results. Various studies have thought the relation of language and intelligence, and envisage a kind of rare hand-and-eye cognition that bypasses words but can observe, abstract, memorize and reproduce, later still, the more brilliant but imprecise verbalization. In this, this is not an extraordinary idea; simply, in practice it has never been found to occur. Retarded children's drawings have been studied and found to be generally poorer and more stereotyped than normal children's; even deaf children's pictures tend to lag behind until they reach the age of eleven or twelve.

One final question raised by Nadia's work is that of the nature of autism—equally difficult and controversial. It is only in the past thirty-odd years that autism has been distinguished from straight-



A drawing by Nadia, done at approximately five years six months.

forward, latent mental retardation; it is not always clear that they do not overlap, and the specific causes of the autistic syndrome—psychological damage versus organic—has been highly debatable. What distinguishes the autistic child from the severely backward one is, generally speaking, a massive avoidance of human contact, a passionate insistence on stereotyped rituals, very little speech in spite of normal hearing, and often flashes of skill or comprehension that should be beyond the ability of subnormal children. The autistic child seems to have some complete breakdown in the sense of self and of communication with other selves, while the child labelled retarded, subnormal or backward progresses somehow like other children but far more slowly. Bettelheim's work in laboriously leading autistic children towards normality has revealed a great deal about the syndrome, but not everyone has agreed with him that it is the result of a hostile environment in infancy. Autistic children, for one thing, often have normal siblings who survive the same environment without damage.

Nadia's methods of drawing were distinctly autistic (were, because she no longer draws). She seems to have seldom drawn the people around her, as normal children usually do, and seldom from life; the only life drawings included are a series of detached feet and legs, drawn at a time when she was obsessed with watching and touching feet. She would only use birds for her work, and simply scribbled if offered paints or crayons; she would work straight on inappropriate material like newspaper, and draw over the edge on to the table if the figure was too big. A few of the pictures are distinctly bizarre, with grotesque eyes or curly heads on skittily drawn bodies; new sketches bulge out of existing ones, turned sideways. There are no backgrounds, no scenes of things happening, such as children usually attempt, nothing representing two figures in relationship; we remember that Nadia's vocabulary consisted of a few single words but no two-word phrases.

If autism does imply potentially normal intelligence which has gone into retreat for emotional reasons, there remains a loophole for the autistic work. It is only in the past thirty-odd years that autism has been distinguished from straight-

forward, latent mental retardation; it is not always clear that they do not overlap, and the specific causes of the autistic syndrome—psychological damage versus organic—has been highly debatable. What distinguishes the autistic child from the severely backward one is, generally speaking, a massive avoidance of human contact, a passionate insistence on stereotyped rituals, very little speech in spite of normal hearing, and often flashes of skill or comprehension that should be beyond the ability of subnormal children. The autistic child seems to have some complete breakdown in the sense of self and of communication with other selves, while the child labelled retarded, subnormal or backward progresses somehow like other children but far more slowly. Bettelheim's work in laboriously leading autistic children towards normality has revealed a great deal about the syndrome, but not everyone has agreed with him that it is the result of a hostile environment in infancy. Autistic children, for one thing, often have normal siblings who survive the same environment without damage.

Parents are people too

By Christopher Turner

RONA AND ROBERT RAPAPORT and ZIONA STREITZ with STEPHEN KEW:
Fathers, Mothers and Others
421pp. Routledge and Kegan Paul. £5.95.

Fathers, Mothers and Others provides a useful summary of ideas and data concerning parenthood and the family, revealing also the deficiencies and inadequacies of what currently passes for knowledge in this field. Among the most obvious of these are the lack of unifying theories, the narrowness with which problems for empirically oriented research have tended to be conceptualized, the eagerness with which social scientists generalize from highly specific sets of context-bound findings, the simplicity of "expert" prescriptions for various aspects of "parenting", and the sheer dearth of available information. The authors, however, adopt a constructive approach throughout.

They have a knack of laying implicit and taken-for-granted assumptions which underpin contributions to the field at the same time organizing ideas and evidence with a broad conceptual framework. Research findings and prescriptions by experts is thus combined with an optimistic view of future possibilities. An inescapable conclusion is any systematic study of the nature of the family in modern society is that there are considerable variations to be found in the making-up of family and household. The authors not only make this, but make a strong case for a theoretical approach which seeks to explore the full range of possibilities. They also take a moral stance, entering a plea for tolerance of variety in family relationships. Their concern with parents as people and with a range of options open to parents constructing satisfying possibilities. They are not least aware of the fact that children are people. Their perspective emphasizes responsibilities which individuals have both to themselves and others in their search for an able quality of life.

The creative narcissist

By John Padel

TILMANN MOSER:
Years of Apprenticeship on the Couch
Fragments of my Psychoanalysis
Introduction by Heinz Kohut
168pp. Pluto Press. £5.60

Years of Apprenticeship on the Couch is about narcissism. It is well written, and as sparing in actors as an early Greek play—never more than two characters on stage at once, with a few myths alluded to in choruses, yet dramatic enough and constructed as episodically. It gives a vivid idea of what a certain kind of psychoanalysis must be like. The author is deeply appreciative of his analysis and of the work they did together; he enormously admires the work of Heinz Kohut; he commits himself to the profession, having been writer and reporter before.

Tilmann Moser wrote the book during the last nine months of his four-and-a-half year analysis. Part 1 during a break at Christmas 1971 (eight unnumbered sections), Part 2 two months later, shortly after a trip to the United States to see Kohut and his wife, and Part 3, he wrote Part 3 over Easter 1972 (he has discovered a massive avoidance of human contact, a passionate insistence on stereotyped rituals, very little speech in spite of normal hearing, and often flashes of skill or comprehension that should be beyond the ability of subnormal children. The autistic child seems to have some complete breakdown in the sense of self and of communication with other selves, while the child labelled retarded, subnormal or backward progresses somehow like other children but far more slowly. Bettelheim's work in laboriously leading autistic children towards normality has revealed a great deal about the syndrome, but not everyone has agreed with him that it is the result of a hostile environment in infancy. Autistic children, for one thing, often have normal siblings who survive the same environment without damage.

Why did he write the book? A recurrent question, examined at length in the first section of Part 1, is this: "Why did I write the book?" and several times in between. Kohut's introduction speculates. To evade the impact of the analysis? No, creative narcissists are different. To violate the limits of good taste? No. Moser displays no obscenity but an enthusiastic wish to bear testimony to the healing power of analysis. To break new ground in sharing his research upon himself? Prudently, despite the risk of creating professional obstacles for himself!

Lastly, the foreword (undated) gives Moser's own opinion: "The entire book is... an attempt to deal with the problem of my own feelings of shame" and, we must add, with the concurrent wretchedness of depression. So we read of his feelings and fantasies about his analysis's body, of his own masturbation-phantasies, of his first and second visits to prostitutes, and at last of his "relationship" to his mother. Moser's "Lexus of Idiosyncrasies" are here his only names for himself and them. The origin of his problem he finds in his mother's inability to give up the idealization of her father, so that inevitably by comparison she saw her husband and her eldest son only as failures.

The book was published in Germany in 1974 and now, three years later, appears in America, and here, well translated, bearing occasional corrections. It is also going into paperback. Here's the rub—in 1976 Moser added a two-page afterword. A year after the supposed end of his analysis he had experienced his first severe relapse into depression. He re-started treatment with his analyst, and it was not until he had married, which he did within days of doing what he finished Part 4. That afterword cautions much, if not all, of the healing message that Kohut had commended. Reading again the introduction, foreword, and opening of Part 1, we catch a fainter message: that the damaging narcissism is not only the author's but also that of the profession that has misled him.

It is impossible to read the book without picking up a subliminal protest against such an application of the psychoanalytic method to the kind of problem a protest and an appeal for help. This, not exhibitionism, is surely what urges him to publicly confess matters that are normally kept private. He is in urgent need of reassurance, and he holds threats to his very existence—depression, the state that is intolerable unless understood. The

third of his previous attempts at analysis, analysis with an attractive young woman, he had wrecked by recurring every session to "an acquaintance who had an extremely ambivalent attitude", so that he became the spectator instead of the experimenter of the analytic process, his transference was unanalyzable, he gave his analysis hell and so made her end her attempt to treat him; he left apparently under the brief illusion that if he wooed her, she was his. That was his most obvious substitution of a three-person setup for the classical two-person one. He did something similar in the training-analysis, once by taking comfort on the side from a patient-familial analyst, and again by approaching Kohut (his analyst, concluded). Making his analysis public in this book is a fourth instance.

What kind of rescue does he seem to ask of his readers? Rescue from a useless, forced regression. We cannot help but develop an admiration for him, and though he may doubt his own capacity for affection, we recognize his affection for his analyst and the couch as rather like a small boy's affection for his much-used and long-chewed pencil. He does value psychoanalysis, and he sustains him, employing the moral defence of crying "mea culpa" he takes upon himself the burden of his failures. It must be that the narcissism he encounters are Oedipal and pre-Oedipal interpretations from his analyst, theories of narcissistic transference from his mentor, and witnesses nearly everywhere; but something is badly lacking.

One obvious thing we miss is any account of his younger brothers other than his jealousy at their arrival. Yet before analysis he had worked in an institution for delinquent boys, with whom he strongly identified. Freud explained this as a reaction to the loss of a spouse, by supposing that the more conscious feeling was keeping down the stronger unconscious feeling, despair over not being able to know as intimately as one's spouse the imagined lover; that is to say the imagined identification is with the lover but the deeper fantasy is of identification with the spouse. The same idea can apply to a jealous child faced with the arrival of a new baby: acute jealousy covers the more powerful but inaccessible fantasy of an identification (with the creative mother) which is breaking down because not accepted or understood. There is no mention in this here apart from Moser's job with delinquents and apart from his being delivered of the book, which has made Kohut "very happy".

Similarly with his parents in their generation. In fantasy Moser climbs to the roof of his giant analyst's jutting phallus, above his testicles; he experiences a floating feeling; one day he covers himself on the couch with the blanket and imagines he saw her husband and her eldest son only as failures.

The equation "self = phallus" was one of Freud's early insights; he rediscovered it and studied it. Abraham, Ferenczi, Bertram Lewin, and several others developed its clinical use; yet it keeps being forgotten, never integrated into the psychoanalytic account of psychosexual development. Moser even records his fantasy of internalizing his analyst's phallus by mouth and making of it his very backbone, yet the transference uses of the fantasy remain unmentioned. Perhaps the analysis of narcissism would be greatly simplified and one of the nature's jargon become unnecessary if such identifications and their consequences were more freely recognized in clinical practice.

Like any other profession psychoanalysis develops its own language. This means and means using the partial failures and not labelling them partial successes and finding in them confirmation of the usefulness of new terminologies. The humilitations and the depres-

sion which attend the analysis here described are too painful to allow us to tolerate Kohut's words, "your book has made me very happy". Such shame and such guilt-feelings as Moser's are best considered to be products of the analyst's activity as much as of the patient's. The psychoanalytic set-up is a bipolar system in which both the members bear joint responsibility for change, good or bad, for lack of change, and—within limits—for the rate of change.

There is an extraordinary mistake (page 65) in quotation from Kohut's book: "Thus the mother, who openly belittles the little boy's mother and seems to prefer the boy..." The mistake may have occurred in stages and be partly the translator's. The original reads, "belittles the adult male (i.e. the boy's father) and prefers the boy..." (Kohut 1971, page 147). Whether the author's mistake is one of writing or of proofreading, "mother" for "father" is an obvious enough Freudian slip to demand interpretation.

The second "mother" has been unconsciously intended. The first "mother" therefore stands for the adult male, patient or analyst, who has unconsciously identified with his mother and, like most others with strongly homosexual attitudes, belittles the little boy's mother and claims to be his mother, her (see Freud, *On Narcissism*). Such members of one sex tend to form groups and, if things go wrong, to deride or claim to supplant members of the other sex in their most creative functions. According to Freud, societies (this must include both establishment and opposition groups) are bonded by homosexual narcissism; the heterosexual society, like democracy, requires our perpetual vigilance if it is to flourish.

There is a strong risk that Moser will be scapegoated by the psychoanalytic society that he exposes, along with himself, to ridicule. I hold the society responsible far more than Moser for the nonsense that is here spilt. There are clear indications that his saner self feels that he has had a raw deal from psychoanalysis (and I suspect he is right), while his unhealthy self is sopping up memories and cashing in on the greatest weaknesses of psychoanalysis. It must be possible to say in German, "Come off it, cock! find out what psychoanalysis is all about, while you're still young enough." We can do without a second Wolf-Man.

At one point Moser's depression does seem to be developing into grief—in vain, for the grief is felt only for the coming loss of psychoanalysis and never applied to his parents and brothers (e.g. for his axe-and-chainsaw "job" on his mother). The megalomania revives and he boasts to his analyst that his book will be mentioned in the analyses of all aspiring psychotherapists; the worst that all analysts will have to read it. (Quite unnecessary, except as an addendum to writings with a vested interest in "narcissism", which is a vague, unsatisfactory term, having too long a record, and in need of translation into relationships. D. W. Winnicott, at a meeting once gave qualified approval to an apparently new formulation of an excited fantasy: adding, "But we knew all about it at the time.") We used to call it "peeing into the intercourse". It seems that Tilmann Moser is still doing this but is confused whether he is trying to help make his psychoanalytic brothers or to unmake them.

The year's work in child analysis and related subjects is represented in *The Psychoanalytic Study of the Child* (Chapman, London, 1977, £16.20) by twenty-two outstanding original papers. The first section contains contributions to psychoanalytic theory; the second, work on problems of child development, including an article on handicapped children and one on the children of deaf-and-dumb parents. The third section is devoted to clinical contributions and the fourth to two papers on psychoanalysis and education—one on nursery-school children and the other a follow-up study of disturbed refugee children who are now in their thirties and forties. The last section, on applied psychoanalysis, contains studies of Michelangelo, Peter Pan, and comic books.

The Rastafarians

Leonard E. Barrett

The Rastafarians of Jamaica have become the most dynamic socio-religious movement in the Caribbean. This unique study shows the emergence and development of the cult from its inception in 1930 to the present. Particular attention is paid to the socio-economic conditions from which the cult emerged, its ideology, its function as a socio-religious movement within the Jamaican community and its impact on the western world. ... provides useful insights into the current Rasta scene in Jamaica and some interesting speculations about the future. £7.50 £2.50 paperback

Alibi

R. N. Gooderson

This is the first study to present the subject of Alibi comprehensively. It is analysed in all its varied forms, emphasizing the loopholes in the existing statutes. Popular and judicial attitudes to the defence are considered, and other factors pertaining to the credibility of evidence of alibi. £9.50

Leaving London

Planned Mobility and the Inner City

Nicholas Deakin and Claire Ungerson

By taking one area of London, in North Islington, the authors have been able to explore in detail the situation of the inhabitants of the Inner City, their attitudes and their motives. The problems raised in this way are then followed through by examining the machinery through which planned movement from London takes place—the New and Expanding Towns Scheme (NETS)—and, finally, the experience of those who have been successful in moving out to a New or expanded Town. £7.75

The Lear World

John Reibetanz

A study of King Lear in its dramatic context, showing what Shakespeare gained from the lively community of playwrights and audiences in which he worked. 'One of the best books on the play. It is well written, well balanced and, at times, eloquent.' *Professor Kenneth Muir* £6.80

German Skerries and Mud

Robert Holman

Two highly regarded plays at the Royal Court Theatre which have been performed by the Resident Dramatist at the National Theatre. £2.50

Half-Life

Julian Mitchell

The new play in which Sir John Gielgud stars at the Cottesloe Theatre. *National Theatre Plays* £1.95

The Later Prehistory of Eastern and Southern Africa

D. W. Phillipson

This wide-ranging, highly illustrated and up-to-date archaeology surveys the prehistory of the area from Sudan to the Cape during the last twenty thousand years. £10.50 £4.90 paperback

The Roots of Rural Poverty in Central and Southern Africa

Edited by Robin Palmer and Neil Parsons

Why are African nations so poor today? A new generation of historians looks back and rediscovers the history of peasant prosperity. £7.50 £2.90 paperback

The Climates of West Africa

Oyediran Ojo

The first comprehensive survey of all aspects of climate throughout West Africa, fully illustrated with diagrams and maps. £9.00 £4.50 paperback

Teaching European Studies

Michael Williams

The first study on this subject considers the place and value of European Studies in the secondary school curriculum. £6.50 £2.80 paperback

Heinemann Educational Books

48 Charles Street, London W1X 8AH

Rooting about

By Benedict Kiely

RICHARD HOWARD BROWN:
The Passion of Richard Brown
167pp. Gordon and Breach.
£5.90.

The blurb for *The Passion of Richard Brown* describes the author as an Irish-American who returned to Ireland in search of his roots. Now in Ireland, and generally in these islands, your roots are quite easily, often embarrassingly discernible. For Irish-Americans, particularly if the Irish thing is a few generations back, the matter can be more complicated: and the attitude of the native Irish towards the Irish-American root-researcher is an odd mixture of gratification and a wish to help and a sort of patronizing sympathy. Preserve me from that.

Richard Howard Brown is an extremely complicated case. He is, on his own admission, only half Irish, and that half is removed by more than a hundred years from Irish soil. His father's family origins were "proudly English," his father when he went to church was Presbyterian and was largely indifferent to Ireland and the Irish. It would seem that when he got to the north-east of Ireland Richard Brown might as easily have mingled with his eyes as with his Provisionals.

His mother was a Catholic, he had a grandmother who came from Sligo whose father emigrated to the United States in the famine years, fought in the Civil War, married Catherine Kiley from Limerick (my sympathy blossoms, my father's father was from Bruff in Co. Limerick—we may be ninety-second cousins). There was also another great-grandfather who came from Dublin and was a merchant seaman; and this was, in the end, the ancestor that for some reason or other seemed to matter more to Richard Howard Brown. Add to all this a Catholic background in his American education, and he has as many reasons for being Irish as any body else. Or for not being Irish. He writes about it all honestly and sincerely, and he writes well.

But there is a slight problem here. On both sides of the Atlantic his research about the business of roots seems to have brought him into contact with those aspiring chaplains who believe in blowing up all and sundry for the sake of a new Ireland, *Eire Nua*, or for something else even less well defined. He even picks up their jargon:

Eddie Barton was IPA in the here and now, a Belfast Provisional who had been in on the Donegal Street bombing. He hadn't driven the car or made the phone calls, and he probably wasn't the one who ordered it, but he was in the command structure that did and he knew about it. Eddie Barton was a revolutionary, a 'hard' as they call it, the 'hard' of horror in the 'hard' helped to create a new Ireland.

He could, could he, and damned decent, and even visionary, of Eddie Barton. Communist structure? Of what? Richard Brown happened to be an eye-witness of the Donegal Street bombing and was in a good position to judge Eddie Barton by his works. About his bombs he was to find out at one of those New York Irish-American parties where money is raised for murder; when Eddie Barton came on stage the music played "Killy, the Boy from Killybegs," celebrating the Warford hero who went with a pike in 1798 against an organized or semi-organized but assuredly savage soldiery; and celebrating Eddie Barton, who took no such risk.

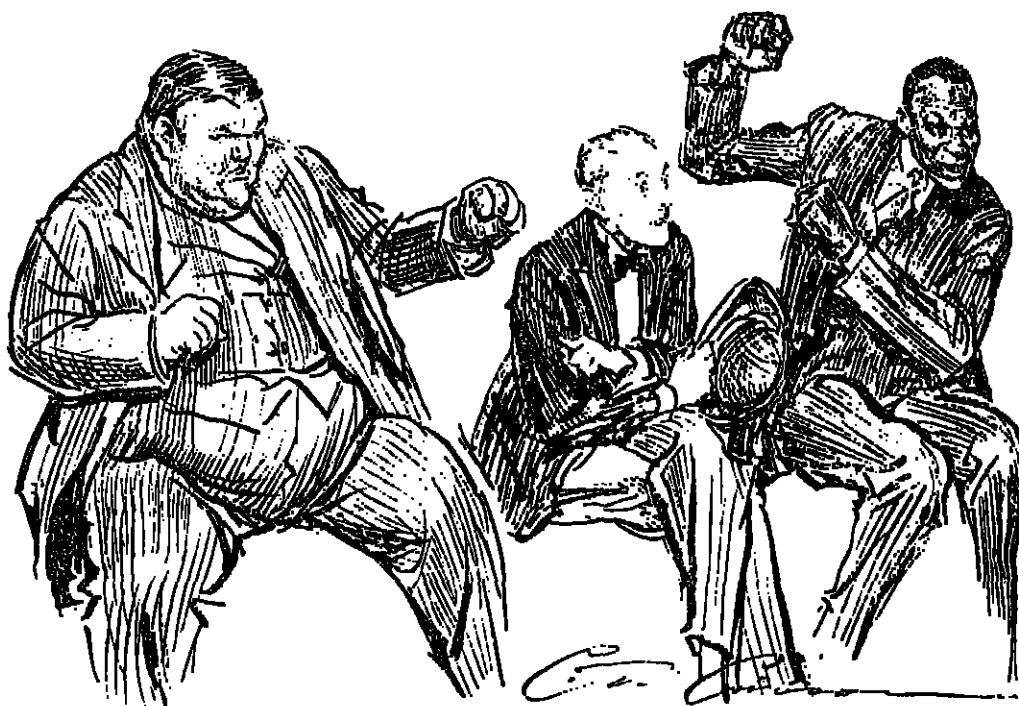
After Eddie Barton had made his speech the music relaxed into the music played "Killy, the Boy from Killybegs," celebrating the Warford hero who went with a pike in 1798 against an organized or semi-organized but assuredly savage soldiery; and celebrating Eddie Barton, who took no such risk.

On this side of the big water his rambles in Erin, outside the Dublin boss, are confined to Belfast and Derry; he never went looking in Limerick for the ghost of that Kiley. That, I daresay, is natural enough. If you find a lost leg, meet and find him, it is most proper and fit to study and worry about the disease, provided, as father confessors used to say about sins of the flesh, that you do not take pleasure in it: a moral pleasure.

He heard, at second-hand but accurately, about the horrors of Bloody Sunday, a sad day both for the people of the Bogside and the British Army; and he walked in the Bogside and meditated wisely on the woe of a place on which a deliberately neglectful mockery of a government would not spend a pound and which since 1969 must have cost millions in money—and in an incalculable wastage of life. In the end he concludes that he does not belong either with regard to money or with regard to money-for-murder in the United States or with outrage in Ulster. He is not, perhaps, here and there a decision without writing a book about it, and the way he puts his finding is odd, even painful.

But to think that I could ever run with the IPA was madness. There were people in it who would look through the lives of me as if I was a dirty window and he did not kid myself about it. I could, could measure myself against them.

The humility is suffocating: and you cannot see too well through a dirty window and it might have been better if from the reuter apartment of his own timid soul he had taken a colder, clearer look at the Provisionals and the IRA. He has been baffled and blinded by the opacity created by the shedding of innocent blood.



Active and passive: character studies of Americans by Charles Dana Gibson from *Rendering in Ink* and *Ink by Arthur L. Gupilli* (255pp. Watson-Guinness, Camden, £12.50). The book first appeared in 1930, and early editions have become collector's items. The text, edited by Susan E. Meyer, has not been materially altered or updated—no reference is made to developments since the time of writing such as tip pens or ballpoint pens. Of particular interest to architects, designers and illustrators, the book includes drawings by more than seventy artists, and the text is interspersed with sketches and specimens of ink and techniques by Gupilli himself, a distinguished architect who was also an art director, painter, editor, designer, teacher and publisher.

Saving the Republic

By Julian Symons

MACBETH D. EXELL:
Unequivocal Americanism
Right-Wing Novels in the Cold War Era
160pp. Methuen, New Jersey.
\$6.50.

Q: What novelist does every normal red-blooded American like? A: Taylor Caldwell. Q: What joins the stuffed shirts in the *New York Review of Books* and the stuffed shirts in the more evidently leftist *Ramparts*? A: They are all in the cause of the Conspiracy. Q: What is the cause of America's decline in world power during the past twenty years? A: The Equivocal Men. Q: How shall we recognize an Equivocal Man? A: He prefers Freudianism to patriarchy. Caldwell talks about liberal ideas but is soft on communism; he is in favour of socialized medicine and racial integration and against nuclear weapons in American hands.

So far, and much further, the supporters of "unequivocal Americanism" as they express themselves in relation to the social implications of modern American fiction. The Conspiracy is, of course, one to destroy the Republic and replace it with some kind of collectivist society, and the Equivocal Men are the Conspirators or "unconscious agents." The principal modern novelists that a patriotic American may admire are Allen Drury, Taylor Caldwell, John Dos Passos in his later incarnation, and Ayn Rand. Minor figures include one or two thriller writers like John Ball and Frederick Ayers. Ayers's *The Man in the Mirror*, a piece of nonsense about replacing one of the President's security advisers by a Soviet agent who can double for him in appearance, was mistakenly thought by Victor Gollancz to be the natural successor of *The Spy Who Came in from the Cold*. Novelists about the same sort of thing, however, are much more numerous. Faulkner, Hemingway, Mailer, Baldwin, Bellow, Roth, would head many lists, although some patriots feel that Mailer is really a decent conservative individualist at heart.

Macbeth D. Exell, from whose book *Unequivocal Americanism* the information above is extracted, has written an interesting but limited survey of right-wing attitudes in American fiction. It is too short, too sketchy (he has made no attempt to discover sales, although he says that membership of the Conservative Book Club may be about 30,000), and too much inclined to lump together the intelligent right-wing criticism in the *National Review* with mostly crack

pot views expressed in smaller publications. But nothing similar has been attempted before, and one must be grateful to Professor Exell for blazing a trail.

It would be interesting to know how many Americans would find themselves in agreement with the assumption automatically made by novelists like Drury and Caldwell, that those of liberal views almost inevitably act against the country's interests. Just as an American visiting this country is not likely to encounter the many backwoodsmen to be met at rural parties who believe that Jim Callaghan and Harold Wilson plan to bring about a communist British, it is easy for an Englishman to spend a long time in urban America without meeting a full-blooded Republican. It seems likely that they exist in much larger numbers than is generally admitted, and that they would sympathize with many of the views expressed by Caldwell, Exell and Drury. It is such they might feel them to be crudely stated.

The great divide between American and British (or other European) right-wing movements is in their different approaches to nationalism and their attitudes to the Soviet Union. To be anti-Soviet would be for most right-wingers in this country a matter of course rather than of fervent passion, and few outside the National Front would express themselves primarily in terms of patriotism. For American right-wingers, however, anti-communism has been under which they are the fiercest and communist infiltration in every

aspect of life something that cannot be countered only by the most fervent nationalism. Are many Americans union bosses nothing but masters ruling their members by fraud? A President, if his name is Nixon, will be happy to appease them on a platform, for they are not anti-communist Americans; first and foremost second? There are many Americans who, in conversation at least, will defend the indefensible, saying that Nixon only sin was in being *born* in California, although he made the wrong approach and made the wrong fiddling his proofs. Perhaps this is saying no more than that much of the United States is still amazingly unsophisticated.

It is because of this lack of sophistication that the American masses such as an inept appreciation of the novel *Drury* by Taylor Caldwell, known for his *Admiral* and *Comet* is a competent popular novelist, so is Taylor Caldwell. They are more than that. This *Passion of Richard Brown* is a talented writer whose work is disastrously in the line of his life, what he tried to do most of his past, and became a sponsor of the Conservative Club. The kind of things said about their work by intelligent writers, simply because they are the right-wing standard-bearers in this country we have had in recent years right-wing fiction writers of great skill, most notably Ayn Rand, Powell and Evelyn Waugh. We feel a little national self-consciousness about this, but it has been approached almost always in a very, and not in socio-political

ANTHROPOLOGY

Marx and the primitives

By Raymond Firth

MAURICE GODELLER:
Perspectives in Marxist Anthropology
Translated by Robert Brala
230pp. Cambridge University Press.
£ 3.50.

Three key concepts in modern social thought owe much to Karl Marx: the central place of power in social operations; the economic basis of power; and the importance of ideology as a means whereby the controllers of power, even unconsciously, veil their control. And behind the analysis of social phenomena in such terms, as an essential instrument in the interpretation, lies the dialectic method, the assumption that every social phenomenon contains within itself its internal contradictions, its own forces of opposition, the seeds of its own change. So much, I think, would be conceded by many sociologists and social anthropologists, whatever the degree of their commitment to the corpus of Marxist doctrine. From this point of view, if Marx be looked at without laudatory, he takes rank among the greatest social thinkers of any period. Of course this will not satisfy those who fervently embrace Marx's revolutionary image. It omits the theory of surplus value, created by the worker and appropriated by the capitalist, by which Marx justified his critique of exploitation. Nor does it attempt to deal with questions of class, nor with the whole issue of "praxis," the role of a social thinker in the ongoing society of his time. But in trying to understand, in a reasonable way, what are the prime forces by which social activity is directed, if ever we hope to be able to cope with the need for change, it is necessary to relate Marx's ideas overtly to current social thought.

Fifteen years ago one could still remark, as I did in an essay on the dynamics of social change, how little account had been taken in the anthropological field of Marx's views. The situation is very different now. One index of the change is the publication in 1975 of *Marxist Analyses and Social Anthropology*, under the editorship of Maurice Godelier, resulting from a conference of the Association of Social Anthropologists to consider "new directions" in their subjects. Another index has been the appearance this year of a set of essays, *Ethnography and Related Sciences*, issued by the USSR Academy of Sciences (in English), and presenting general views from Yu. Bromley, A. Pershina, Yu. Gennosov and other Soviet anthropologists who, like Western colleagues in 1976 at a conference organized by Ernest Gellner on behalf of the Wenner-Gren Foundation for Anthropological Research, the Soviet positions, despite a growing flexibility, have not yet made much impact in the West. But, as Bloch has remarked, interest in fundamental Marxist concerns on the part of many British anthropolo-

gists can be traced directly to the influence of some of their French colleagues, including those who have been affected by the views of Louis Althusser. Maurice Godelier, of the Ecole Pratique des Hautes Etudes, is one of the most distinguished and stimulating contributors in this field, and the present English edition of essays containing some of his central ideas is very welcome.

In social anthropology, once Marxian thought has been able to shake off the conventional Marxist apologetics—a distinction between the adjectives is sometimes useful—several important sets of problems can be seen. Because much of anthropology deals with societies which are technically underdeveloped and have relatively simple kinds of political organization, the material it offers can relate to the marginal, less well-defined areas of Marx's argument. Central to Marx's theory is the notion of formation of social relations of production which correspond to a definite stage of development of the material forces of production, yet ultimately come into conflict with these forces. Anthropologists have studied many societies with broadly similar forces of production but with considerable variety of social relations, some of apparently primitive types others without clearly discernible class structures. So Marxian notions of the concept of class, and of class struggle, of the meaning of social relations of production, of the definition, and relative primacy of base and superstructure, come readily under scrutiny. Concepts of property and of exploitation can be viewed from new angles. Marx made much of the antithesis between creditor and debtor, which he examined only in the form of a money relation. Anthropologists have studied many societies without money, but with complex creditor-debtor systems which seem basic to the structure. How do these look from a Marxist standpoint—and how do Marx's own views fit such material? Considering what Marx thought about the crucial role of money in the economic process, why have anthropologists to say about the "fetishism" of "commodities" in non-monetary forms of exchange?

These are the kinds of questions about which Maurice Godelier has been, thinking deeply. His unique contribution springs not only, as has been indicated, from his edition of Marx's theory with French structuralism. It results also from a more unexpected combination—of his earlier intellectual discipline in philosophy with a prolonged period of field research among a pig-breeding, sweet-potato-cultivating people of a remote upland region in New Guinea. Author of a book on rationality and irrationality in economics he has been able to test at first hand the functioning and reproduction of an economic and social formation in a pre-industrial society of a type Marx had never envisaged.

The essays translated here are the main part of a set published in Paris four years ago under the title *Horizon, volets marxistes en*

anthropologie. The English title, perhaps more than the French, has a certain ambiguity. For the book does not deal with any comprehensive range of Marxist work in anthropology—there is hardly a reference, for example, to any Soviet or Central European "ethnography." What the book gives is a set of thoughts by a subtle mind, reflecting on some of the basic problems of using Marxian theoretical insights in the interpretation of anthropological material. As such, it is engaged in a dialogue on two fronts.

On one front the author traverses a series of well-known anthropological materials drawn from writers of many intellectual persuasions and combines them with his own findings. His treatment is courteous, contains a few of the routine objections to functionalists for imposing their own idealist notions on the phenomena; to empiricists for trying to derive theories from data instead of from postulates about the basic inner nature of social relations; to economic anthropologists for applying to pre-industrial economies the concepts derived from capitalism. There is some truth, some distortion in such charges. But in general it is a judicious appraisal of past work, with a powerful theoretical orientation. It is also firm in its support for anthropological studies as a necessary aid to a fuller comprehension of a Marxist critique of bourgeois society. But on another front the author is concerned to chide "vulgar Marxists" for their superficial reading of anthropological data, and implicitly to defend himself from a charge of revisionism as such. He reminds us to remember that the French edition included a long article on dialectical logic and analysis of structures, issued as a response to an attack on the author's structuralism by Lucien Sève. However one admires the elegance of French polemic one can understand the decision to omit that essay, but it was part of the background to the author's sensitivity to his use of the concept of Marxism.

To try to use Marx's own ideas directly in analysis opens up some serious difficulties. What Marx published about "primitive" societies as distinct from "peasant" societies was very abstract, general, even speculative. Through the scholarly, almost pedantic editing of Lawrence Krader we now have available the elaborate series of notes which near the end of his life Marx made on work by Morgan, Lubbock, Phear, Maine and others. These show Marx's industry, his scientific sense, his rejection of utopian evolutionism and his interest in changes from collective to private forms of control of resources. But while of historical interest, foreshadowing some of the positions he took on economic and social formation in a pre-industrial society of a type Marx had never envisaged.

The essays translated here are the main part of a set published in Paris four years ago under the title *Horizon, volets marxistes en*

trial societies, which are of most stimulus to modern social anthropologists.

At the heart of Professor Godelier's book is an important essay on "dead sections and living ideas in Marx's thinking on primitive society." Bluntly, he says that many conclusions advanced in the nineteenth century and accepted by Marx and Engels are today "old hat" (the French version has *caducues*, suggesting they are feeble as well as old-fashioned). The outmoding of some of Morgan's theses on the evolution of kinship, he argues, has meant that the whole facade of Engels's *Origins of the Family* has collapsed. The existence of a "surplus" does not automatically lead to an enlargement of the level of productive forces, and to exploitation, as Marx would have argued. The development of inequality within "primitive" societies has been revealed as very diverse and complex. Marx's type concept of "Asiatic mode of production" (that fertile field of debate) can be stripped of its notions of "oriental despotism" and stagnating slavery, and its evolution seen to be possible in several different ways. Indeed, it is just as applicable to certain historical African kingdoms. Godelier stresses that in constructing their scheme of primitive history, especially that of primitive agricultural communities, Marx and Engels took careful account of empirical data and revised their views as soon as fresh material became available to them. But, writes the author, taking the works of Marx seriously does not mean transforming provisional hypotheses into eternal dogma.

The same lesson appears from other angles in the introduction to the book and in an essay on anthropology and economics. There is a question, Godelier argues, of returning to Marx "of a hesitating defence of Marx's ideas about primitive society and the beginning of class society. The five elements in Marx's contribution have been to provide an ensemble of hypotheses, the development of which is one mode of production—capitalism—but couched in such open form that they still give general stimulus. In line with what he sees as Marx's flexibility, Godelier sets out his own concept of kinship relations in many "primitive" societies as direct relations of production as well as political relations, and part of the "sociological atmosphere" of indigenous thought. Also, in the spirit of this flexibility, the author's analysis of "salt money" among the New Guinea Baruya whom he studied. In this well-documented and skilful study, a combination of elaborate field observation and careful economic reasoning, he shows that salt, a precious object made with the aid of magic and invested with great social and ritual significance, is nevertheless a kind of money in some external transactions. But since labour is not a scarce resource among the Baruya, they exchange their salt at rates which reflect their monopoly control of resources and skill rather than labour cost. "What counts in group exchanges

is the reciprocal satisfaction of their needs and not a well-kept balance of their labour expenditure." Moreover, Baruya are not profit-seeking; the advantage they draw from what might seem unequal exchange is not exploitation. The salt exchange is to be regarded as a case of simple circulation of commodities, a form of redistribution using as channels the ties of kinship and neighbourhood. The essay could perhaps have had a fuller treatment of problems of labour and value, and some reference to the question of how far creditor and debtor are not in the antagonistic, potentially evil relation envisaged by Marx. But the author is more concerned with the fetishism of the market world which, in more orthodox Marxist terms, he sees as concealing the real nature of value.

A clue to one of the primary elements in Godelier's presentation is his emphasis on inner reality as opposed to superficial appearance. Marx himself wrote much of the "mystery" of the fetishistic character of commodities, of their transcendental quality, their enigma. He may well have enjoyed the notion that where others were mystified he himself was not. That one would be justified in identifying a cabalistic strain in Marx's thinking, a kind of *gnosticism*, would seem unlikely. The old rabbinical *Gematria* used literal interchanges to discover the "true meaning" of the Hebrew scriptures; Marx used conceptual interchanges to discover the "true meaning" of relations between labour and commodities, between labour and capital. Professor Godelier certainly is not a *gnosticist*. But he clearly attaches great importance to the notion of the "secret" revealed by Marx's writings. He writes (for example), "In 1858, the secret of surplus value and profit-making was discovered by Marx", and he identifies such a secret as mystery, hidden qualities, inner but concealed essential pattern. The idea of inner structure below the superficial appearance of phenomena is central to scientific thinking. Yet the notion of this structure being a "secret" has a suggestion of revelation only to the initiated which provides a romantic flavour in what otherwise may seem often a dull activity.

But Professor Godelier has raised an interesting question: namely, in the absence of developed market relations what could be the mechanism in a great importance whereby the "objective" conditions of social life also take on a mythical, fantastic form? His answer, an exploration of the development of thought processes in classless and early class societies, with religion as the dominant form of ideology, owes something to earlier anthropology and much to Lévi-Strauss. But, like his consideration of structural causality and the logic of history, his treatment of the "phenomenological" nature of social relations is shot through with stimulating propositions—even if these are sometimes rather opaquely expressed. It is refreshing to have such sensitive commentary on some of Marx's most important ideas about society, and to watch a scholar with such a multidisciplinary approach to anthropology wrestling with some of the more elusive problems in the whole field of social understanding.

The Sea in the Shell

August Closs

The Sea in the Shell is a collection of essays, some published before, others published for the first time, on literary topics which reflect the wide-ranging nature of the author's scholarship. Professor Closs writes with the same sense of commitment whether he is dealing with authors such as Herder and Schiller or with more contemporary issues such as the changing nature of tragedy, lyric poetry, literary criticism or the problems of translation. All the essays are topical in that they either deal with a matter of current concern or are re-assessments in the light of contemporary thinking. Three 'Reminiscences' recapture some moments in the life of a much travelled scholar.
£7.65 net

HARRAP BOOKS
182-184 High Holborn, London WC1V 7AX

Racism goes west

RUDOLPH M. LAPP:
Blacks in Gold Rush California
321pp. Yale University Press.
£10.50.

Any work which throws light on the early history of the free black community in the United States may be sure of a welcome; yet in one case the welcome may be grudging. *Blacks in Gold Rush California* is the fruit of thorough and wide-ranging research, but this virtue is almost negated by the book's lack of organization and by its incoherence and repetitions. Even so, students of black history will be grateful to Rudolph M. Lapp because his picture of California between the Gold Rush and the outbreak of the Civil War provides the most useful variation of the general picture of black-white relations outside the South in the period—a picture which has been dominated by Leon Litwack's study, *North of Slavery*.

Racism, it emerges, was a potent force in the West as in the East, and Californian negroes had to face the brutality of "jump" slaveholders as well as the loss of free white labourers, result, in 1858 when, even the Golden State was worst, some hundreds of blacks for British Columbia.

A black poet celebrated the occasion: "God bless the Queen's majesty, He keeps and her throne She longed on us with sympathy And offered us a home Far better breathe Canada Than live in slavery's grasp." And: "We are free and we are free Black economic prospects are none the less very much better than the Pacific than on the Atlantic early as 1855 it was plausibly estimated that the 4,815 negroes in California had a net worth of \$2,413,000 (world of property very respectable figure for period).
Hugh Brown

Childrens Books for Christmas - Angus & Robertson

The Town Mouse and the Country Mouse

RUTH MANNING-SANDERS
Illustrated by Harold Jones
Angus's fable of the two mice is a perennial favourite and Ruth Manning-Sanders' adaptation is a perfect picture-book for the very young and is ideally complemented by Harold Jones' detailed and delicately coloured pictures.
£2.50



What About Tomorrow

IVAN SOUTHALL
"Strong compelling novel of search and finding, from boyhood accident onwards the whole running, sometimes brilliantly, by a man shot in place, Southall at his best." Naomi Lewis, *The Observer*.
£2.07 13379 4

This School Is Driving Me Crazy

NAT HENTOFF
SNA's known to all the teachers as a nuisance, saying and doing the craziest things. So when he breaks no one is in any doubt that Sam is at the heart of it, even though Sam is innocent. A novel of action and humour, and a vivid account of the sort of problems encountered by both pupils and staff in school society.
£3.20

Fike's Point

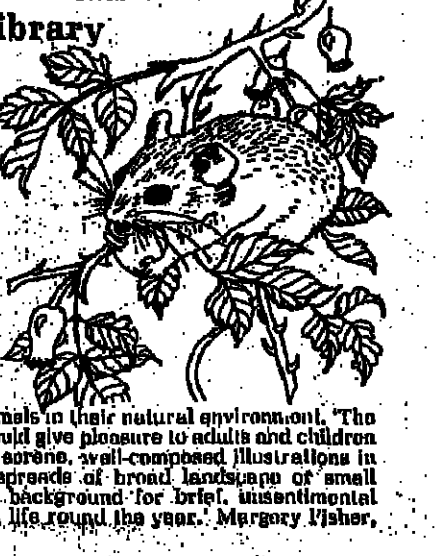
ANNA BRITTON
For Fike's parents the alternative society means endless wandering, the scorn of others, and drugs. But Fike himself is attracted by "ordinary" society too, and forces beyond her control are soon to dramatically alter her way of life... An unusual and thought-provoking novel for older readers... a brilliant book. *Selma Hastings, The Observer*.
£3.95

Eye-View Library

The Mouse

The Fox
£2.07 98773 8
£2.07 98772 X
Each £1.80

The two new titles in this unusual series which describe the habits and life cycles of animals in their natural environment. The Eye-View Library should give pleasure to adults and children alike for its smooth, serene, well-composed illustrations in which appropriate aspects of broad landscape or small corners... act as background for brief, unadorned, but effective animal life round the year. *Margery Fisher, Growing Point*.



The sands of the deep South

By Malcolm Deas

BRUCE CHATWIN:
In Patagonia
204pp. Cape. £4.95.

In Patagonia the monotony of the plains, or expanse of low hills, the unrelieved greenness of everything, and the absence of animal forms, and objects new to the eye, leave the mind open and free to receive an impression of visible nature as a whole. . . . In Patagonia no thought or dream of the approaching changes to be wrought by human agency can affect the mind. There is no water there, the arid soil is sand and gravel—pebbles rounded by the action of ancient seas, before Europe was; and nothing grows except the barren things that nature loves—thorns, and a few woody herbs, the scattered tufts of wiry bluer grass.

Thus W. H. Hudson on the Patagonian landscape of the 1870s. Hudson's gift of recall and evocation of place is not matched even by Proust—it is seen at its most formidable in the passage on the evening primrose in *Idle Days in Patagonia*. One of the earliest and most influential of bird-watching escapists, he preferred nature to man. Bruce Chatwin's *Patagonia* is a journey, carried with the human agents who have failed to transform the *ambiente* there in the past hundred years or so. It is a work of travel, of observation and accident, but also of learning, reflection and art, and can stand in the curiously distinguished literary company that Patagonia has touched.

The author's grandmother's cousin was a Captain Charles Milward, whose command the Matrua was driven ashore on Desolation Island (Milward Rock) in 1898. He set up in Punta Arenas as a ship-repairer. To his cousin in England he sent home "a piece of skin . . . a small piece only, but thick and leathery, with strands of coarse reddish hair". It was part of the remains of a giant sloth, *Mylodon darwini*, extinct for 10,000 years, remains discovered by a renegade former Prussian cadet, Herman Eberhard, in "the cave at Last Hope Sound"—see the photograph "Eberhard finding the skin": four men with rifles, a St Bernard dog and a skull, posed at the cave's mouth. It fascinated the young Chatwin:

Never in my life have I wanted anything as I wanted that piece of skin. My grandmother said I should have it one day, perhaps. And when she died I said: "Now I can have the piece of brontosaurus" but my mother said: "Oh, that thing! I'm afraid we threw it away."

This tritonic determined his journey, and it is not soothed until, poking about in the millennial turds on that cave floor, he finds and possesses a replacement: "I saw some strands of the coarse reddish hair I know so well. I cutted them out, slid them into an envelope and sat down, immensely pleased. I had

accomplished the object of this ridiculous journey."

Important as this private release was, there was clearly nothing very urgent about getting to this long-waiting hair. Frequently on the Journey south from Buenos Aires the author walked. In ninety-seven passages of from a few lines to a few pages he covers the distance, and much else besides. Travellers can no longer be conscientiously encyclopedic, even if they want to be, which is not now often the case. There is no longer much interest in knowing how someone got from place to place—a bus is everywhere a bus. Travel writing therefore often suffers from an excess of sensibility over content, while still imposing a constant strain on any author's humility and manners. Bruce Chatwin's success in this short book is the more interesting because it is so exceptional.

It is a book about isolated people, but of very diverse origins; the reader must reflect that any town might be a Patagonian, and it is in fact. Patagonia has its echo in John Donne:

That this is my South-West
discovered
Per fretum febris, by these
sweights to die. . . .

As Hudson hinted, human weakness and oddity will show up more sharply against this background than against any other. In *Patagonia* Chatwin's sense of the human condition is conveyed to excess, Chatwin can convey a person's acuteness and absurdity without

giving the reader that uneasy sense that a life is being reduced to a *traveller*. With persons as they appear in Patagonia, this requires an unusual exercise of rapport and restraint.

The Welsh of Chubut are reassuring, particularly Mrs Jones of the *Sanjin* township:

"And how are the morals back home?" she asked. "Down?"

"And they're down here too. All this killing. You can't tell where it'll end."

The poet of Chubut is more representative:

The scope of his verse was cosmic; technically it was astonishing. He managed to squeeze the extinction of the dinosaurs into rhymed couplets using Spanish and Llaneno Latin.

"Patagonia!" he cried. "She is a hard mistress. She casts her spell. An enchantress! She folds you in her arms and never lets go."

Among those still held in that cold embrace are the Lithuanian aviator and dinosaur-discoverer Casimir Slapinski, still flying an antique monoplane in a white canvas flying suit in his mid-eighties. There is the Scotsman of Estancia Lochinver, who after forty years feels increasingly the call of "gulls, herring-boats, heather, peat", and wants to retire to the Isle of Lewis. In place of a lawn was a flat expanse of dirt, and in the middle, a wire-netting cage.

"And what do you keep in there?" I asked.

"Aah! The bugger died on me."

Curled in the bottom of the cage lay the dried up skeleton of a thistle.

Mr Chatwin's encounters are always interesting because his episodic method allows him to leave all the others out entirely, and to cut each recorded encounter to just what it will bear. He relieves the eccentric with the ordinary, but the ordinary are just as finely conveyed: the essence of truck, truck-driver and Patagonian puncture are contained in a page and a half; the favourite oath of that trade is *conchi de corral*, which he rightly finds well worth recording. He describes individuals, not types, with the economy of the sketch, not the caricature.

In *Patagonia* is also the work of a learned man, not of the sort of traveller who thinks that reading will blunt rather than heighten his senses. The author has read deeply in the extensive bibliography of the region, from the earliest discoverers through Darwin and Hudson to the Argentine writers of the present day. These last are handsomely acknowledged, and this is the more welcome in that Latin American authors are so often content to plagiarize. The passages on Patagonia in literature—Shakespeare, Donne, Coleridge, and John Davis and Captain Shelvocke his mariners, Edgar Allan Poe—should produce many a footnote

of recognition. Historically, the shade of Darwin that haunts the book must frequently be to his people—Captain Fitz Roy collected this Indian on an expedition. The land that had something for Darwin's sense of evolution. "In the 1880s, which had once nominated Patagonia, returned to Europe, and appeared to encourage the hunting of Indians." The people of the "Red Pie", Alexander Maclean, was exterminated by the rifle. For the rest, epidemics.

As harsh was the suppression, the result of 1921: Chatwin's *Patagonia* is a study of church monuments in Romantic England. What on earth is the point of this? The point might be worth arguing if it had any relevance to the contents of this book. But it has none, so let it pass.

The book is very welcome, for here we have a well-researched and sensitive survey of monumental sculpture in English churches from George III to the beginning of Victoria. This church sculpture is so widely dispersed, often behind locked doors, that its evaluation as the achievement of a national school has always been difficult. It poured out of the studios and workshops of London and a few great provincial centres, flowered in cathedral and lordly chancels and trickled into hundreds of little parish churches, enriching their lowly walls with marvellously inappropriate sophistication. It used to be despised on this account, but ancestor-worship saved it. As for its artistic worth, it has taken a whole generation of scholars to demonstrate that all in all it is a really noble harvest of British Neoclassical art.

In the 1930s, Katherine A. Esdaile was the great pioneer. Robert Gunns's invaluable *Dictionary of British Sculpture* arrived in 1953 and Margaret Winney wrote beautiful appreciations of the principal sculptors in her volume in the *Penguin History of Art*, appearing in 1964. But she was still a book of any substance on later church monuments as such. A good book, that is, which tried to ask the right

ART

NICHOLAS PENNY:
Church Monuments in Romantic
England
236pp. Yale University Press. £10.

As this book is concerned from beginning to end with Neoclassical sculpture, it seems rather whimsical to describe it in the title as a study of church monuments in Romantic England. What on earth is the point of this? The point might be worth arguing if it had any relevance to the contents of this book. But it has none, so let it pass.

The book is very welcome, for here we have a well-researched and sensitive survey of monumental sculpture in English churches from George III to the beginning of Victoria. This church sculpture is so widely dispersed, often behind locked doors, that its evaluation as the achievement of a national school has always been difficult. It poured out of the studios and workshops of London and a few great provincial centres, flowered in cathedral and lordly chancels and trickled into hundreds of little parish churches, enriching their lowly walls with marvellously inappropriate sophistication. It used to be despised on this account, but ancestor-worship saved it. As for its artistic worth, it has taken a whole generation of scholars to demonstrate that all in all it is a really noble harvest of British Neoclassical art.

In the 1930s, Katherine A. Esdaile was the great pioneer. Robert Gunns's invaluable *Dictionary of British Sculpture* arrived in 1953 and Margaret Winney wrote beautiful appreciations of the principal sculptors in her volume in the *Penguin History of Art*, appearing in 1964. But she was still a book of any substance on later church monuments as such. A good book, that is, which tried to ask the right

questions about incentives and iconography and to find answers in terms of the patron's motives and the sculptor's interpretations. Nicholas Penny has an acute appreciation of such questions, states them well and goes a long way towards answering them.

The material does not lend itself easily to classification, and Dr Penny's main chapter headed "The Neoclassical Style" is a study of "Dyadic Pairs and Domestic Sentiment": "Devotional Attitudes and a Feminine Heaven"; "Marble Beds and Gothic Monuments"; "Good Deeds"; and (a rather odd one) "Industry and Agriculture". These titles allow for a loose grouping of monuments which have some kind of affinity and are worth discussing together. Under "Dyadic Pairs" we have, for instance, the great patrician mausoleums at Cobham, Brocklesby, Belvoir and Wentworth Woodhouse, together with another, less celebrated—the vandalized Davrey mausoleum in Elre. In three of these, dyadic pride is focused on personal loss, the mausoleums at Brocklesby, Belvoir and Wentworth Woodhouse are memorials to beloved wives. Hence Dr Penny's supplementary title, "domestic sentiment"; not, however, a motive peculiar to the peerage.

"Devotional Attitudes and a Feminine Heaven" raises issues of religious faith and practice usually considered somewhat remote from Neoclassical sculpture. There is the question of kneeling figures. Abandoned in the seventeenth century as a rigid and outmoded convention, they return in the early nineteenth century, at first in tributary obedience, in urn or on a pedestal, but later, actually praying (hands across the breast, however, rather than palm to palm). Chantrey's Lady St Vincent at Caverswall, Staffordshire (1818) kneels thus, and very lovely she is. But is she really Lady St Vincent? The most interesting of a good book, that is, which tried to ask the right

was some embarrassment about kneeling. The gentry rarely went on their knees except to get married. Angels are another problem. They went out with the Baroque but returned meekly, with reduced wingspread, at the turn of the century. Swedeborg and his disciples revived a belief in angels and Flaxman was interested in Swedenborg. After 1830 angels were generally acceptable. But more truly angelic than the winged messengers were the angelic wives. Dr Penny suggests that the idealization of women in their monuments was some kind of unconscious compensation for their exclusion from so many privileges in a man's world. Women are shown being wafted aloft: men, never. Flaxman's Cromwell monument at Chichester (1797) to an eighteen-year-old girl is waiting at its most elegant.

With "Marble Beds and Gothic Monuments" we come to deathbed scenes and a type of monument more, more than most, challenges acceptability by the modern mind. When Thomas James of Hafod lost his daughter Marianne (not Marianne, by the way) in 1811 he immediately commissioned Chantrey to present the scene of her death

in a huge three-dimensional tableau with the dead girl on a sofa and himself and his distraught wife in attendance. The motive here is strangely obscure. Was it to sublimate personal tragedy in a great work of art? Was it to recommend his daughter's virtues and his own fortitude to the Welsh peasantry and the occasional visitor to Hafod? It is hard to say. Sadly, this original piece was lost in a fire in 1932. Chantrey's other great deathbed scene is at Llun, Derbyshire, but this is more comprehensible, the deceased being of ripe age and in the act of blessing his daughter and three small children, thus demonstrating to the parish a proper and serene ending to a Christian life. Dr Penny reminds us that the deathbed cult was very real; there was "John Warton's" three-volume work on the subject, and visits to deathbeds were thought instructive for the young.

"Marble Beds" includes, very naturally, the two most loved monuments of the whole Neoclassical school: Banks's *Pocahontas* at Ashbourne, Leicestershire (1793), and Chantrey's Robinson children, asleep in Lichfield Cathedral (1817). Thence we proceed to

"Marble Beds" includes, very naturally, the two most loved monuments of the whole Neoclassical school: Banks's *Pocahontas* at Ashbourne, Leicestershire (1793), and Chantrey's Robinson children, asleep in Lichfield Cathedral (1817). Thence we proceed to

EUROPEAN HISTORY FROM PRINCETON

Priest and Parish in
Eighteenth-Century France
TIMOTHY TACKET

The role of the parish priest in local events during the early stages of the French Revolution was of considerable importance. This book provides a comprehensive collective biography of the parish priests in one diocese—their origins, education, and careers; their relationships with their parishioners; and the process by which they were politicized prior to 1789. £14.60

Sin and Confession on
the Eve of the Reformation
THOMAS N. TENTLER

Thomas N. Tentler describes and evaluates the effectiveness of sacramental confession as a functioning institution designed "to cause guilt as well as cure guilt," seeing it in its proper place as a part of the social fabric of the Middle Ages. "A remarkable book that will remain essential reading for every student of late medieval religion." —Steven Ozment, *Yale University* £18.80

Peasant Society in
the Late Byzantine Empire
A Social and Demographic Study
ANGELIKI E. LAIOU-THOMADAKIS

This book applies scientific demographic methods to the study of Byzantine peasantry in a period of feudalization. Professor Laiou-Thomadakis makes the first thorough analysis of this rural society, focusing on village structure and family or kinship groups as well as social and demographic trends. £14.90

Peasants in Power
Alexander Stamboliski and the Bulgarian
Agrarian National Union, 1899-1923
JOHN D. BELL

Contending that an understanding of the agrarian contribution is necessary for an appraisal of the full dynamic of East European politics, John D. Bell explores the history of the Bulgarian Agrarian National Union, the strongest of the East European organizations. He concentrates in particular on the career of Alexander Stamboliski, who guided and inspired the BANU during its rise to power. £12.40

The Roman Inquisition and
the Venetian Press, 1540-1605
PAUL F. GRENDLER

One of the great European publishing centers, Venice produced half or more of all books printed in Italy during the sixteenth century. Drawing on the records of the Venetian Inquisition, Paul F. Grendler considers the effectiveness of censorship imposed on the Venetian press by the Index of Prohibited Books and enforced by the Inquisition. £16.20

The Civic World of
Early Renaissance Florence
GENE BRUCKER

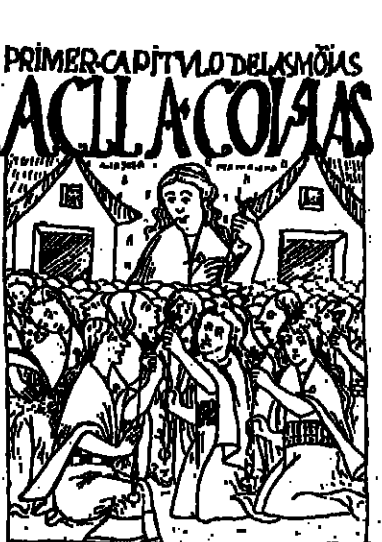
Changes in the social order provide the key to understanding the transition of Florence from a medieval to a Renaissance city, according to Gene Brucker. In this book he shows how Florentine politics were transformed from corporate to elitist and provides a full socio-political history of the Renaissance city-state and its development. £18.80

Household and Lineage
in Renaissance Florence
The Family Life of the
Cipollini, Ginori, and Rucellai
FRANCIS WILLIAM KENT

Professor Kent is concerned with one of the major questions posed by historical research on the later Middle Ages and the Renaissance: did these periods witness the nuclearization of the aristocratic family? Considering three celebrated and representative Florentine *othello* lineages, the author reconstructs the histories and activities of scores of their households for the period circa 1420-1550. £12.70

PRINCETON UNIVERSITY PRESS

15A Epson Road, Guildford, Surrey GU1 3JT



Images of the Incas, from the sixteenth-century work of Felipe Guamán Poma de Ayala. From left, the Inca emperor making a sacrifice to the Sun for the sowing of crops; an accountant-treasurer with a quipu in his hands, and an aboriginal deity in the corner. The quipu was a device for recording, according to their colonial tradition, and the number of things which placing of knots on them, recorded statistics and acted as mnemonic for other matters; and a portrait of the Chacra Women. The drawings are reproduced in the Andes, by Enrico Gullini and Robert Magu (1899pp. Cassell, 1935). The book also contains more than 100 other reproduced colour photographs and a preface by Pablo Neruda.

Travelling simply

By Dervla Murphy

SUSAN CHITTY and
THOMAS HINDE
The Great Donkey Walk
From Spain to Greece by Pilgrim
Ways and Mule Tracks
336pp. Hodder and Stoughton.
£5.95.

JOHN FREDERICKS
The Road to India
Guide to the Overland Routes to
the East
206pp. John Murray. £5.95.

The photograph on the jacket of *The Great Donkey Walk* depicts a marvellously sane-looking Englishman walking and riding across the Pyrenees on a mule track. A young man with a grotesquely inadequate home-made rucksack leads a large Spanish pack-donkey. His mother, wearing a bigger rucksack and a wine-skin bumping in front, leads another donkey on which two little girls are perched amid miscellaneous possessions; and the party is escorted by a small brown dog of doubtful parentage but obvious character. The first donkey's pack epitomizes the English flair for being obstinately amateurish. I had imagined myself to be the only person in the world capable of loading an animal with such blatant incompetence; but these wretched baggage woes, during the first half of their eighteen-month meander with a tent from Spain to Greece, made me feel almost efficient. Then in Italy they acquired a new pack-saddle and suddenly became comparatively expert.

When their trek started from Santiago de Compostela in May 1975, the family party consisted of Thomas Hinde, aged forty-nine and decisively the leader, his wife Susan, aged forty-six and able to see humour in most calamities, their son Andrew, idealistic, kind and erudite twenty-one-year-old, their two adaptable and imaginative younger daughters, Miranda and Jessica, aged seven and three, and Lugo the dog. At intervals during the trek they were joined by the eldest daughter, Cordelia, aged twenty, and by a selection of unaffiliated English relatives and friends who never stayed around for as long as had been planned. These innocents contribute greatly to our pleasure because of the diverting malice with which Lady Chitty describes her countings and—more particularly—their goings. Cordelia, however, being a true-blue Chitty, stoically walked on even when debilitated by sickness.

An extraordinary feature of this age is the Susan Chitty seems not to be a natural walker. Halfway through the trek, when one would expect her to have been in superb condition, she describes her sufferings during the last twelve miles of a twenty-five-mile stage, across rough mountain-country. My respect for her doubled at that point. People who enjoy the physical effort of romping across mountain ranges may be old but are scarcely tepid. People who do not enjoy hiking but get there all the same deserve some civilian version of the VC.

At Santiago the Chittys bought two donkeys, whom the names Hinde and Hamill, and in my opinion this was the only mad thing they did. Why not ponies or mules? A profoundly, unsatisfactory relationship in the Ethiopian highlands has forever been etched against donkeys. True, by the end of the book I was prepared to concede that Hannibal and Hamill are exceptions. But I will feel that on ponies Miranda and Jessica would have been less likely to be thrown and they were in France, Italy, respectively, and to suffer broken arm each. Not that either child was more than slightly concerned by her misfortune. As soon as she was medically possible they were back in their saddles, enthusiastically crossing the next mountain range. Any amount of physical hardship is acceptable to small travellers who can depend on a parent being always within reach. What really upsets them is being dragged away after a few days of a few weeks, from people and places they have come to love.

In Italy, after Jessica's fall, the Chittys did buy an eight-year-old pony, a Shetland-Sardinian cross who was smaller than either of the donkeys and whose behaviour certainly was more predictable. My ant-donkey argument. Luckily this journey was not complicated by money worries. Nowadays "travelling simply" tends to be very expensive indeed and it cost £600 to ship the Chittys' three animals from Italy to Greece.

After a regrettably slow first chapter the reader becomes totally involved with and devoted to this independent and happy, though by no means squabble-free, family. In addition to their many other virtues as travellers, the Chittys do not lack the gadget-obsessed zombie of the rational beings—sleeping on air-mattresses, using folded anoraks instead of pillows, spoons

Instead of forks and so on. The descriptions of landscapes are as memorable and their dutifully sorted bits of "historical background" are almost entirely confined to standard information. Who cares? There are hundreds of books dealing with those aspects of southern Europe and all that can be said is that the Chittys, led by Lugo, did what happens in the remarkable Chittys.

From donkeys to demobilized. The Road to India John Freddicks has produced a brisk, practical hints based on his own and a lifetime's experience. Everyone motors overland in India nowadays, just as everyone leaves London in August and on the way many have ended in a great deal of inconvenience and discomfort for lack of good maps. Now they need to do so, as the 1960 Brigadier Freddicks is driven to India and back at times; he speaks Urdu, Hindi, Pushto and Persian and knows all every possible port-hole, hazard and metaphorical, that the international motorist is likely to meet. The chapters are devoted to the vehicle and hints are included on bullet one's own camper, as the Brigadier himself has done.

He has a gift for summing up situations with military forthrightness and precision. There is one important point on which he respectfully disagrees with him: he feels that because of the high cost and inferior quality of food in India it is wise to buy in bulk from a local supermarket before travelling. Gastronomically, however, only one degree removed from those Englishmen who hunt, beat and eggs along the Coast of France

British Nankin

By Geoffrey Godden

REGINALD HAGGAR and ELIZABETH ADAMS:
Mason Porcelain and Ironstone 1796-1853
133pp with 152 illustrations. Faber. £15.

Mason is today a household word, along with Wedgwood or Spode. There have been three books written on the subject in the past twenty-five years and a thriving society serves the presidency of Reginald Haggard devotes its attention to the discovery of new information. Yet Miles Mason's (b. 1752) entry into the pottery industry was one of pure chance—he fell in love with the young daughter of a wealthy London "Chinaman" or dealer in imported Chinese porcelain. The marriage between Ruth Farmer and Miles Mason took place at St George's Church, Liverpool, in August 1782 when the bride was only sixteen. By 1784 Miles Mason had succeeded to a well-established china business and soon he rose to high office in the chinaman's adopted company—the Worshipful Company of Glass-Sellers.

In 1796 Miles Mason was forced to seek new sources of supply to stock his London shop. This he achieved by entering into two partnerships: to manufacture porcelain and earthenware. The porcelains were made at Liverpool under the practical direction of Thomas Wolfe and another in the Staffordshire Potteries supplied the less expensive earthenware. Both partnerships were dissolved in 1800.

Miles Mason next set up his own porcelain manufactory in Staffordshire, and in 1801 he had established a good reputation for the quality and durability of his productions which at one period were marketed as "British Nankin". This was in 1804 when the claim was made that Miles

Mason's new porcelain was "warmed" from the manufactory to possess superior qualities to Indian Nankin china, being more beautiful as well as more durable . . .

This excellent well-researched book is in the main concerned with the Mason porcelains made in Staffordshire from about 1800 to the period of the introduction of the famous "Mason's Patent Ironstone China" in 1813. The illustrations of these clean and truly ported wares are well chosen and instructive. The line drawings of the characteristic shapes are likewise extremely helpful but the joint authors have done scant justice to the earlier wares made by the pre-1800 Liverpool partnership. The only illustration (Plate 7) relating to this period seems to match the hand-drawn sketches found on the Caughley site in Shropshire rather than the printed version found in Liverpool.

The real reason for Miles Mason's need to turn his attention to the manufacture of English porcelain is not given. The often repeated statement that high imports of imported Chinese porcelain caused the decline in the London business is not the true reason; a fact evidenced by Mason's own correspondence. Much research still remains to be done on the early Miles Mason porcelains, but it can be built upon the firm foundations laid by Elizabeth Adams and Reginald Haggard.

The coverage given to the rather later Mason earthenware and ironstone wares is good, if not complete. Much new information is given, unrecorded forms are illustrated clearly but the captions are very brief.

Both authors have previously and independently set a very high standard. They have now in a happy partnership fully lived up to expectations. This new volume in the Faber series on pottery and porcelain, all collectors of Mason's wares will need this workmanlike book—indeed will anyone interested in early nineteenth-century English ceramics in general.

CRITICAL REVIEW

XVIII & XIX

1976 & 1977 issues available

Articles on
Muriel Spark . . . Evelyn Waugh
Conrad . . . Brecht . . . Chaucer
Wordsworth . . . Cheliff Stead
Shakespeare . . . Modernism
Hogarty . . . Ralph Ellison
Etc.

£1.70/US\$3.00/AS\$2.50 per issue

M.U.P. Syndicate, University of
Melbourne, Parkville, 3052, Vic.
Australia—or order through
Dillies, Blackwells, Haffes

To the Editor

Edmund Wilson

Sir—Joseph Epstein in his review of Edmund Wilson's *Letters to Literature and Politics 1912-1973* (November 25) remarks that during his Marxist phase, Wilson "uttered as many lurid statements as any other literary intellectual who took the plunge". As one who has spent a good many hours reading the political commentary of these "luridists", I can testify that he didn't. Moreover, Wilson never "took the plunge". He and his friend Dos Passos remained sceptical of communism, both in the United States and the Soviet Union, and although it isn't hard to dig up occasional "idiotic" statements in his letters, it is misleading to equate him with the large number of left-wing writers who unreservedly committed themselves to the "Great Experiment", or to dismiss his political ideas in the 1930s as symptomatic of a delayed adolescence. Wilson's bookishness "did not keep him from investigating and reporting the Depression in all its ugliness and brutality. But he kept his distance from orthodox believers and castigated their simplistic notions of art. That is one reason why Mike Gold could comically and inaccurately describe him as ascending 'the proletarian band wagon' with the arrogance of a yuppie, high-bosomed Beacon Hill metron (not a virgin, as Mr Epstein has it) entering a common street-car". For a brief time, Wilson shared "common interests" with the proletarians and the Communist Party, but he was always his own boss.

DANIEL AARON,
Warren House, Harvard University,
Cambridge, Massachusetts 02138.

'Herman and Nancy and Ivy'

Sir—I hope you will allow me to correct a few errors in Christopher Sykes's review of *Herman and Nancy and Ivy* in your issue of November 18. My late brother never volunteered to write the Free Dutch Forces; he was called up as a nominal reservist (on permanent leave because of residence abroad) in 1941 and felt so unhappy and miserable in uniform that this made him ill at once. He was invalided out, I think within six months, according to what was told him it was because of a bad knee and his gout, certainly not after "a painful risk to his health". He soon got a job with the Dutch section of the

BBC, subsequently with the United States Broadcasting Services in London. He was still working for the Americans in the summer of 1945. Consequently, Professor Burkhardt was quite right in omitting Herman's "war record".

As to Nancy Cunard being supposed to hate eating, during her post-war visits to the Netherlands she watched her cat Dutch meals with great enjoyment. To the best of my knowledge she died of an incurable complaint aggravated by drink. Since Professor Burkhardt has not had the courtesy to send me a copy of the book I have, as yet, no opinion as to its accuracy.

ELKA SCHRIJVER,
Prinsengracht 242Z, Amsterdam.

'Churchill and the Admirals'

Sir—Professor Arthur Marder really should have read my book before rushing into print (*Letters*, November 25) and attributing to me the remark about production of a "trumpy card" in this context, which was in fact made by your reviewer of the book (November 11) and has never been suggested by me. Had the learned professor read what I did write he would have seen that I actually quoted his own description of the collection of "Personal and Most Secret" signals which passed between the Admiralty and Admiral Lord Cork at Narvik in April and May, 1940; but I did point out (politely) that the series began two days earlier than Marder stated in the book to which he refers and continued after Churchill had moved from the Admiralty to Downing Street.

It seems therefore that if there has been a failure to do the "homework" to which Marder refers it was not, at any rate in this case, on this side of the Atlantic.

STEPHEN ROSKILL,
Churchill College, Cambridge.

Lawrence and Wishart

Sir—In his review of Michael Wishart's *High Diver* (November 25), Alan Ross refers to "the publishing house of Wishart and Co, which brought out in 1925 the excellent literary periodical *The Citizen of Modern Letters* (edited by Edgell Rickwood) but (sic) later acquired the defunct firm of Martin Lawrence and became exclusively political".

We would like first to point out

that it is quite inaccurate to say that Martin Lawrence Ltd was "defunct" when it merged to become Lawrence and Wishart Ltd in 1935; secondly to say that we resented your reviewer's implication that "exclusive" political commitment is somehow in opposition to literary excellence. In the past few years, our "exclusively political" nature has not prevented us from republishing F. R. Leavis's *Towards Standards of Criticism*, his selection from the "excellent literary periodical" already mentioned (including Leavis's new, 1976, introduction), nor from producing highly respected studies of Beethoven by Fritz Klinger and Mozart by Katharine Thomson. We are also the "exclusively political" publishers of Yvonne Kapp's biography, *Eleanor Marx*, widely acclaimed specifically for—among other qualities—its literary excellence.

We leave on one side here the question of the literary qualities of, say, Marx's *Eighteenth Brumaire of Louis Napoleon*, or Lenin's polemical and literary writings, or of William Morris, Alice West, Antonio Gramsci, and many others in our list.

JEFF SKELLEY,
Lawrence and Wishart Ltd, 39
Museum Street, London WC1A 1LQ.

Middle English

Sir—It would be a pity if the prominence Anthony Burgess gives to Nicole Domingue's views on Middle English (*Commentary*, November 25) were to encourage opinions which the evidence does not support. I mention only a few. Are not Scandinavian—*or* *and* *in* *carum* appear in Old English, in Northumbrian and Mercian respectively. The voiced fricative in further does not mean that English "Jettisoned" the Anglo-Saxon *f* which arose by a late Middle English sound change that affected a whole group of words of similar structure, such as *gather*, *hither*, *together*, *weather*, *wether*, (Henry Bradley pointed this out in OED as long ago as 1901). Loss of grammatical gender cannot be credited to the Norman invaders, for the English glosses to the Lindisfarne Gospels (late tenth century) show profound disturbances in the old system long before there was a Norman in sight. Nobody doubts that both the Scandinavian and the Norman invasions deeply affected the development of English, but the processes were more subtle than we are here asked to believe.

NORMAN DAVIS,
Merton College, Oxford OX1 4JD.

'An Excursion to Rhodes'

Sir—May I be allowed a few words to confirm Elio Kedourie's account of our "excursion to Rhodes" (October 21)? I too would like to point out that I was invited to take part in a panel discussion on "The Middle East and the Mediterranean in Regional and International Politics". When we arrived at Rhodes, and on checking the programme which was handed to all the participants there and then, I found out I was down to chair a session on "Islam and International Relations".

I am as versatile as the next academic but in neither case could the subject be deemed to have been concerned mainly with "Greek Arab and Mediterranean-Arab relations and common problems" which is where Professor I. Georghiades (*Letters*, November 11) claims the emphasis of the Rhodes symposium lay. Moreover, had the programme been circulated in advance Professor Georghiades would have been notified of the objections to those "certain" features of the programme as he calls them. That way he would have been saved the entire trouble of Elio Kedourie and myself the trip.

ABBA SKELLEY,
School of Oriental and African Studies, Malet Street, London WC1E 7HP.

Castle Ashby Manuscripts

Sir—It may be of interest to your readers to learn that a collection of seventeenth-century English dramatic and poetic manuscripts, missing for the past two hundred years, has recently been discovered. The manuscripts are at Castle Ashby and were initially located by the Earl Compton in the back of the fourth book of *High Ashby* (this is written in a much earlier hand), and two other poems in what appears to be Marlowe's hand titled "The Cavaliers" and "Prose-verse".

Further study of the manuscripts will naturally provide a wealth of increased knowledge about the English drama from the 16th through the Restoration and the discovery solves this minor mystery which has puzzled students of the drama for the past 200 years.

WILLIAM P. WILLIAMS,
Department of English, Northern Illinois University, DeKalb, Illinois 60115, USA.

The Pursuit of Patronage

Sir—I am planning a book in which I will be "pursuing" the pursuit of patronage. It will be about poets, world-wide, who have gained fame, fortune, or other advantages by seeking, finding, fighting for, having bestowed upon them, and then using the money of patronage in either ordinary or extraordinary ways. The book will be a study of the existence of these manuscripts. He said that they were kept "on a shelf over the door". However, since that time (possibly the year 1767) no one had seen this collection of manuscripts again.

ALAN WYKES,
382 Tilehurst Road, Reading RG3 2NG.

LIBRARIAN/TECHNICAL INFORMATION OFFICER

£5,000
Institute of Marine Engineers requires qualified librarian to take charge of busy marine library and information service employing three assistants. Interest in marine technology essential. This is a challenging post for a mature person with initiative and ideas who wants to organise, develop, expand and sell the service to members and customers. Modern library adjacent to Fenchurch Street Station. C.V. to R. G. BODDIE, I.M.E.E., 76 Mark Lane, London EC3R 7JN. Tel: 01-481 8493.

'Eighteenth-Century British Logic and Rhetoric'

Sir—Readers should not allow themselves to be hoodwinked into accepting Brian Vickers's review of my *Eighteenth-Century British Logic and Rhetoric* (August 5) as a responsible, scholarly evaluation. What Mr Vickers has done instead must be pronounced almost totally devoid of critical merit. This is an unpleasant statement, to be sure, but Mr Vickers's review is itself unpleasant, and thus the tone of my reply cannot be considered discordant.

Mr Vickers's uncivil review was not a surprise to me. But it was a surprise that the book which had been published in 1971, should be reviewed in the TLS after a six-year interval. I am sure that the reviewer should turn out to be Brian Vickers, already known in print for his hostility to my writings. As for the substance of Mr Vickers's review, it prevails on the grounds of unsubstantiated and groundless disparagement.

Jeremy Bentham wrote a brilliant treatise on the pathologies of reasoning (*The Book of Fallacies*, 1824), and in it he devoted considerable space to disparagements disguised as arguments. To be sure, he had the political world in mind, but the academic and literary world are given times to the same very same tactic. From what Mr Vickers said of my book, I regard him as fully qualified to sit for the portrait of what Bentham might call the academic Question-Begger.

In his review, Mr Vickers disparages my style as "flabby", "laboured" and "sadly wooden", and he later referred to the "badness" of my writing. But he offers no illustrations. He makes no attempt to base his denigration upon fact. Thus he cannot be said to have framed a true argument against my style, but only to have made a very long and tedious list of what he never been able to regard my style as exemplary, nor do I take pride in it. But Mr Vickers's review epistles seem not necessarily to represent the best criticism that it is possible to give. Perhaps if he had given examples, I would have learnt something from him and been the better for it.

Mr Vickers reminds me twice of my "naivety". He seems to make this disability consist in my having implied that prevailing opinions and attitudes of the eighteenth-century authors were also my own opinions. Thus, because Thomas Reid believed that Francis Bacon, in delineating "the art of induction", had produced the "numerous laboratories and observatories" of modern science, and because I record Reid's opinion, Mr Vickers accuses me of writing "as if Baconian induction were, today, still regarded as *le dernier cri* in scientific method".

Again, because Adam Smith believed that ancient and modern rhetorics which dealt exclusively with the figures of style were "generally a very silly set of books and not at all instructive", and because I record upon Smith's attitude when I quote his *Lectures on Rhetoric and Belles Lettres*, Mr Vickers pretends that Smith's view of the figures of style is of course my own, and he deplores the "naivety" of my approach to history. Should not he rather deplore the "naivety" of Adam Smith? Or of Thomas Reid? Why disparage me for recording what is there in the record to interpret? As a matter of fact, I see in the whole course of Mr Vickers's writings on rhetoric little evidence of the historical sophistication that he finds lacking in my book. But that is another story.

Mr Vickers accuses me of having given my readers "potted" biogra-

phies, usually from no authority later than the DNB, in several cases outdated and misleading. The epithet "potted biographies" is of course familiar to readers of the TLS as the ultimate weapon of venomous book reviewers. Mr Vickers does not specify any of the cases he so darkly intimates to be characteristic of my book. And if he had—there must certainly be some for him to glow upon in a book so large and complex as mine—the might have been as generous enough to notice at the same time those cases in which my book corrects the DNB and my other biographical sources.

Again, Mr Vickers charges me with "living in a vacuum, a rhetorical centre removed from the world". By this disparagement he apparently means that, in his view, my book deals with logic and rhetoric as if to insulate these two disciplines from their historical context. I am sure that the reviewer is greatly mistaken in this regard. In fact, I have been at pains to make it clear that the book is not a vacuum, but a very real and very much engaged work. It should be emphasized that this latter sneer comes at the end of a paragraph accusing me of having ignored the great contribution which Scottish universities made to British intellectual life in 1700s. What an unkind cut, indeed! Large parts of the last two big chapters of my book are devoted to the very subjects which Mr Vickers sneers at in some detail. I emphasize that Scottish philosophers and scholars like Thomas Reid, Lord Kames, Hugh Blair, George Campbell, David Stewart, and Adam Smith were greatly influenced not only in making Scotland the intellectual centre of Britain in their time but also in providing leadership in the development of new British attitudes towards logic and rhetoric. How could Mr Vickers honestly say that my book "does not look outwards"?

A final consideration. Mr Vickers affects to be puzzled that I have been able to teach rhetoric for forty years without having had the wit to realize the importance of style in the very language of feeling in literary composition; and he beats me over the head for my alleged antipathy to the tropes and schemes, which lie at the heart of his own rhetorical theory. But his puzzle is not his own. It is the puzzle of the man who, whether pretended for its value as disparagement, or strictly honest in its origin, is an excellent clue to the difference between his theory of rhetoric and mine. In my view, as a neo-Romanist in his way, Mr Vickers is a neo-Romanist in his way.

I follow Aristotle in believing that rhetoric is the theory of the persuasive factors inhering in the substance, the form, and the style of non-fictional verbal discourse. The three factors, to style, to form, and to substance, are all in relation to substance and form; and thus I confine rhetoric to the field of non-fiction, so far as its main thrust is concerned. Mr Vickers follows Rhetoric in believing that rhetoric has nothing to do with substance and form in discourse, these literary necessities being strictly allocated to logic; and he then proceeds to define the true sphere of rhetoric as style, content, and the use of the tropes and schemes, and the tropes, with oral delivery an occasional but somewhat perfunctory addition. Thus, because Mr Vickers does not keep rhetoric to the sphere of style in non-fiction, he is not a rhetorician.

They insist that rhetoric is the theory of style for all the branches of literature, and that therefore no notice need be taken of the differences between the functioning of the tropes and schemes in epic poetry and drama and their functioning in oratory and historical writing. If Mr Vickers would recognize the precise line of demarcation between his theory of rhetoric and mine, he might not want to accept my theory, and I would never expect him to praise it, but he might at least be willing to discuss it in neutral terms, and not in the language of rancour and hostility.

As a former grand jurymen, I feel in a short that his indictment against my book is without foundation; and that, on the basis of them, he does not deserve to be given the opportunity to plead his case before a trial jury and a judge. I feel in a short that his indictment should be quashed. And I hope that the final verdict upon my book will be pronounced by the historians of rhetoric after they have examined not only what Mr Vickers said in his review but also what I have said here in reply.

WILFRED SAMUEL HOWELL,
Department of English, Princeton University.

Journalistic justifications

By Oscar Turnill

ARNOLD WESKER:

Journalism into Journalism
107pp. Writers and Readers Publishing Cooperative. £3.95 (paperback), 95p.

Giving evidence to a royal commission on the press, a Fleet Street editor once offered the view that, generally, the papers got things right, but that when you saw something you knew, it was wrong. Arnold Wesker, one of those in the "journalistic" tradition, in *Journalism into Journalism* with the benediction of the late Nicholas Tomalin: "You got it right as any of us ever got anything right". Both comments are characteristic of those in the trade, at once boastful, self-deprecating and misleadingly categorical, and this small paradox has given Mr Wesker no end of trouble.

His book started as an idea for a play, to establish background for which he sought (and was granted) freedom to wander in the offices of *The Sunday Times* and talk to its editorial staff about their jobs as well as watch them at work. As a member of the paper's staff at the time I can attest that the general impression given by *Journalism into Journalism*, that *The Sunday Times* people were quite prepared to operate in a conventional way, was not far from the truth. Wesker was, however, it occurred to Mr Wesker that his notes, typed or written up into an impressionistic essay, might themselves be a piece of journalism worth publishing on its own account. As he had acquired the information on a different premise, he courted the piece along to *The Sunday Times* not as an offering (though one view later was that the paper ought itself to publish it) but to ask if there would be any objection to its publication. The editor, however, might have expected that after a few suggestions of amendment in the interests of accuracy Mr Wesker's artistic privileges would be allowed as readily as the paper's journalistic rights. The result was a bit of it. Some journalists objected strenuously to his having taken them at their own self-censoring face value.

Even a proper journalist would find it extremely difficult to convey accurately how policy is made at *The Sunday Times*, or any other paper. I am afraid

your own effort quite fails to do it justice.

Others did not ("I must fight to the death for your right to publish it, damned or otherwise"): still others were aware that some of the scenes seemed to have been fluffed but were unable to read the text, even at the risk of intrusion into private grievance. There was no referendum, but my guess is that the majority would have favoured publication.

Mr Wesker was taken aback: What I find bewildering is the vehemence of personal accusation and abuse most of which is unfounded upon the insufficiently investigated assumption that I deliberately tried to set the diary published behind their backs—and this from people who were accusing me of insufficient investigation!

With evident anxiety to be seen to be fair and honest he has worked an account of this running battle on his book in a way that confuses the chronology. In spite of his conciliatoriness two objectors (the says) remained adamant, and he withheld the essay.

Meanwhile there was the play. *The Journalists* appeared in 1974, in Polish, oddly enough, and then the following year in English (35pp). Wesker and Readers Publishing Cooperative. £1). To anyone on *The Sunday Times* who had not read the unpublished essay and so looked forward to observing the effect of creative intervention on known material, it was a disappointment. With an admirable patchwork of daily events in a newspaper office unmistakably like his or her own (indeed, some events and circumstances were identical with matters that had occupied *The Sunday Times* staff when Mr Wesker was there, there was entwined a plot involving a woman columnist and her clearly fictional (because too zealously personal) pursuit, with intent to expose, of an ambitious MP. The play continued the theatrical convention that journalists are given to apologetic exchanges on the nature of their calling even when no one in *status* Wesker is present. Depressingly, this fiction was now further authenticated by Mr Wesker's visitation to Thomson House.

The essay was still in limbo: Then in a TV interview with Melvyn Bragg, when asked in connection with freedom of the press "What about the Wesker book?" Harry Evans (editor of *The Sunday Times*) implied there were no longer any reasons why

it shouldn't be published. He turned to the camera and said "You can go ahead and publish, Arnold!"

Thus the power of television. (Mr Evans, it is clear from Mr Wesker's two prefaces—1972 and 1977—was not one of the objectors.)

Journalism into Journalism will have obvious value for students of the playwright as source material for one of his works. Near-identical speeches occur frequently in both versions. Yet, curiously, there is no suggestion that the play's text was objected to at all. Was this for the highly principled reason that the play was what Mr Wesker was at the paper for, and that his freedom in that area of activity was beyond challenge? The silence is still surprising, for one might well look for a play, with its freedom of access to journalism with its implicit restraints, to essay a whole truth; and if that truth has been but poorly understood, then the failure ought to be investigated.

Clearly Mr Wesker at the outset felt misgivings about some aspects of the nature and practice of journalism and its moral and social justifications, and equally clearly they had not left him at the close of his journey. But he had acquired some insight of follow feeling:

In the end, the journalist, as recipient in a very special way of human experience, is the unguessed personality in which drama deals. . . . The dilemma begins with accurate news, which is without revealing, which leads him to simplify what is complex and confuse it for clarification. . . . the damage he does to others destroys a part of himself, and that's a very fair game state; no writer could find himself alien in that sad territory.

Yet there still seems a gap between what Mr Wesker wrote and the reactions to it. Was it, perhaps, that Mr Wesker had failed to acknowledge, or notice, that it was Brand X Journalism (new, improved) that he was sampling? Or did the critics, in their eagerness to be trapped by dismay that the intellectual ravers did not show through, into over-seriousness about it all? There is an "insight" story about a reporter who knocked one evening at a government minister's front door. The minister opened it and the reporter identified himself. "We had lobster mayonnaise," said the minister, and shut the door. Nobody seems to have told Mr Wesker that one; anyway, it isn't in.

Editorial responsibilities

The Thirteenth Annual Conference on Editorial Problems (November 4 and 5, at the University of Toronto) was devoted to "Editing Nineteenth-Century Fiction". Five papers were read in the course of the sessions, each followed by a discussion period.

Sylvère Monod (Paris) had first limits: his theme was "Editing Dickens". Giving examples mainly from two forthcoming editions of *Black House*, Professor Monod spoke of the pleasures and pains of establishing the text of Dickens's novels, and of something then usefully. He was much preoccupied by the question of "Editing whom?" and by the needs of the reader whom the editor has in mind.

"Textual Problems in Editing Thackeray" was the subject chosen by Peter L. Shillingsburg (of Mississippi State University), who insisted on the distinction between a text and a work, and between what an author wrote and what he intended to write: the editor's judgment must be used in determining the author's intention. He then spoke of the University of Southern California had elected to speak of "Aesthetic Implications of Authorial Excisions": he reverted to the issue of authorial intention, and showed that New Criticism, with its worship of "poetic" had led to implicit admiration for excisions, but that while Thackeray and Melville had excised digressions, confusion was introduced by excisions in Twain's *Puddinghead Wilson* and Crane's *Maggie and Ramona*. In such cases, Professor Parker contended, text was clearly not best.

When Professor Milgate said that in spite of all the later emendations that have to be adopted the manuscript of a novel is still the editor's critical edition is likely to appear soon. Finally, Michael Milgate (Toronto) spoke of "The making and Unmaking of Hardy's Wessex Edition". Hardy represents, he said, the case of the author who lived long enough to supervise a collected edition, which he called definitive. And as he went on improving his text until nearly the time of his death at eighty-seven, in his case last is best.

The final session was opened by Clive Thomson (Research Fellow at the Toronto Zola Centre) whose paper was called "On Editing Zola's Novels". Dr Thomson described the unsatisfactory state of editorial work on Zola's novels, the extent of the problem soon came under discussion; for instance, when Professor Monod explained why he was not restoring the words "buy fair" in a passage of *Black House*, a considerable enthusiasm for the purchase of hair suddenly developed among the participants. Other suggestions from the floor were that, although editors need a rule of thumb, they also need to use their own fingers; and that it is all very well to decide what an author's intention was, but only after the author's death: when alive, authors tend to believe that they know best.

Dogmatism was startlingly absent from the conference. Flexibility and use of the editor's own informed judgment were advocated again and again. Tributes were paid, with varying degrees of warmth, respect, and gratitude, to the grand old masters of the science of textual criticism, but the general feeling was that codes and rules are not enough to cope with every possible case in a sensible and sensitive manner.

The proceedings of the conference will be published under the editorship of Jane Milgate, who had convened it.

Greek and Roman Portrait Sculpture by R. P. Hinks (British Museum Publications) which was referred to by a caption in the TLS of November 18, is not, as stated, a revised, but a second edition, re-set with new design and photography.

Among this week's contributors

T. C. BARKER is the author (with Michael Robbins) of *A History of London Transport*, 1963 and 1974.
BRUCE BOUCHER is a Lecturer in Art History at University College London.
PETER BURKE is the author of *Venice and Amsterdam*, 1974.
RICHARD CALVOCCIO is a Research Assistant at the Scottish National Gallery of Modern Art, Edinburgh.

PETER CLARK is the author of *Lancashire and the New Liberalism*, 1971.
PIERRE COUSTILLAS is the editor of *George Gissing's letters to Edward Clodd*, 1976.

MALCOLM DEAS is a Lecturer in the Politics and Government of Latin America at the University of Oxford.
H. A. FEISSBERGER is the editor of *Scientists: Safe Catalogues of Libraries of Eminent Persons*, 1976.

SIR RAYMOND FRY is the author of *History and Tradition in the Twentieth Century*, 1970, and *Symbolic Public and Private*, 1973.

C. B. HARDMAN is a Lecturer in English Language and Literature at the University of Reading.

GRAHAM HUGHES's books include *An Essay on Criticism*, 1966, and *Style and Stylistics*, 1969.

DAVID KIRBY's collection of poems, *The Opera Lover*, was published recently.

D. J. MCKITTRICK is an Assistant Librarian at the University Library, Cambridge.

ARTHUR MARWICK's books include *War and Social Change in the Twentieth Century*, 1974.

PAUL MORGAN is the editor of *Oxford Libraries Outside the Bodleian*, 1973.

JOHN PADIEL is a psychoanalyst and psychiatrist and teaches the Development of Psychoanalytic Theory at the Tavistock Institute of Human Relations, London.

MICHAEL ROBERTS's books include *Sweden as a Great Power*, 1611-1697, 1968, and *Gustavus Adolphus and the Rise of Sweden*, 1973.

PAT ROGERS is the author of *The Augustan Vision*, 1974.

GEORGE RUDÉ's books include *Europe in the Eighteenth Century*, 1972, and *Robespierre*, 1975.

ANDREW SAINTE's *Norman Shaw* was published in 1976.

GAMINI SALGADO is Professor of English at the University of Exeter.

ANNA SIMON is the compiler of *Public and Private*, 1975.

C. H. SISON's recent collections of poems include *In the Trojan Ditch*, 1974, and *Antichies*, 1976.

SIR JOHN SUMMERSON's recent books include *Victorian Architecture*, 1969, and *The London Building World of the Eighteenth-Century*, 1974.

JULIAN SYMONS's books include *A Three Pipe Problem*, 1975, and *The Hungry Thirties*, 1976.

CLIVE THACKERAY's *The Vickers Brothers' Armaments* was first published 1884-1914 was published last month.

DAVID WALKER is the author (with Andor Komlos) of *The Architecture of Glasgow*, 1968.

BLAIR WORDEN's *The Rump Parliament 1648-1653* was published in 1974.

GRAHAM ZELICK is a Lecturer in Law at Queen Mary College, London.

POETRY

THE TREE

by

TOM SCOTT

232pp £2.60 now

£3.20 from Jan. 1st.

BORDERLINE PRESS

96, Halbeath Rd., Dumfries.

The greet modernist of Glasgow

By David Walker

THOMAS HOWARTH:
Charles Rennie Mackintosh and the
Modern Movement
336pp with 96 plates. Routledge and
Kegan Paul, £16.50.

This long-awaited and much-needed second edition is essentially a re-issue of the original 1952 volume with the addition of some twenty pages of new plates and an updated bibliography. The text has not been re-set except for a few insertions and its misprints have not been rectified. The illustrations are also exactly as before except that some, particularly those of the Cranston Tearooms, have suffered from being screened twice. Those lucky enough to possess the original edition should hold on to it.

Many who have scoured the second-hand bookshops for anything up to a decade and a half will be relieved that the new edition is, in every standard, moderately priced. Others, however, will be disappointed that the necessary changes have precluded Thomas Howarth from rewriting the sections on which either further information is now available or more in 1950 considered consideration for persons then still living. Research in Mackintosh's native Glasgow mainly in 1940-45, he was only just in time to secure the recollections of Mackintosh's sisters, his brother-in-law Herbert McNair, his ex-partner John Joseph and Francis Newbery, who had been head of the School of Art and had introduced Mackintosh and McNair to the Macdonald sisters bringing about the formation of The Four and their eventual marriages. Not all of their recollections, however, were either missed or insufficiently emphasized. Only on the dating of Mackintosh's study-bedroom frieze of cats, attributed by McNair to c.1890 and accepted by Howarth as the earliest evidence of the Glasgow style but now generally thought to be c.1895, can it actually be questioned. In fact, but some observations may be made on his attribution of Kieppie and Mackintosh's designs of 1890-95, which is demonstrably over-generous to the artist, Howarth believes, and he has no doubt in his mind that these designs were Kieppie's, on the ground that he continued to work in the same style after Mackintosh had evolved his own. But when the evidence seems to be that Mackintosh ended with the Kieppies on competitive designs, he was doing most of the work, at

least as far as elevation and detail were concerned. Nearly all these designs can be directly related to the two primary sources for his architectural thinking in those years, his lecture notes and his sketchbooks. It might perhaps be going a bit far to relate the 1891 competition design for the Municipal Buildings in Glasgow High Street to his lecture on "Baronial Architecture" of that year, but with the final competition design for the Glasgow Art Galleries (1892) and the executed work at Glasgow Art Club (1893) there is a stronger ground: even without the supporting evidence of the lettering, which anticipates that of the 1894 Conversation Programme, and on the published Art Club drawing even a signature, the details can be related to his Italian sketches in a way that is utterly unmistakable. Moreover, the preliminary sketches for the Glasgow Herald Building (1893) in these books leave little room for doubt that he designed all that building, including its supposed "Kieppie" details, and although none are known to survive for the Royal Insurance Building design of the following year, the bold omission of the main cornice, the similarity of the corner treatment to the Herald Building and Mackintosh's warm admiration in his 1893 lecture for Belcher (whose Victoria and Albert competition design supplied the neo-Baroque top) all pin that design firmly on Mackintosh's drawing board as well.

Through these designs are interesting in that they show that Mackintosh was already a powerful challenge to the establishment. But, as a design not mentioned in Howarth's book at all which is the real key to Mackintosh's future development. This was the reconstruction of the Levenson Inn in 1895, unfortunately destroyed in 1905. Directly based upon his sketch of the Rising Sun at Wareham, it marked the end both of his Italian sketches and the contemporary architectural journals as well as the beginning of a search for a new architecture based on traditional English and Scottish vernacular building, free from all conventional academic historicism. This new trend, which in 1895 was only following the path of the Arts and Crafts movement, was already being followed by Mackintosh and his friends. Mackintosh's first known essay in what was to become his postmodern style. That the 1914 competition designs for the training college and hotel at Jordanhill have not survived is a great misfortune: we are sadly

lacking in evidence as to how Mackintosh's architecture as against his interior design was developing at this time and they may well have been lost to that of Hoffmann and Laves than to that of the School of Art. By the time we know for sure that he had found himself again at the Derwent house in Northampton in 1916, taking Hoffmann, Urban and Offner's motifs to new levels of originality which transcended any indebtedness, it was too late: his connections with lost and Henderson had supplanted him for what were—if nothing else—perfectly sound business reasons with his dry competition-winning classicism. Nor can Howarth's account of Mackintosh's London years, when his interior design appears to have returned again to absolute simplicity, be said to be complete in terms of his work there, which has still never been fully researched. The subtle and ingenious textile designs which were probably his main source of income in the early 1920s are represented only by a single illustration and the new endpapers which Augustus John's studio, which he appears to have designed and built and which still exists, is shown altogether; and there is in his early notebooks evidence of the architectural activity which he served to be: although Howarth regards Mackintosh as in decline after 1909, the decline was in architectural productivity rather than quality or interest.

With the tremendous advances in the appreciation of the period generally over the past twenty-five years it is perhaps easy to have hindsight. Attitudes to the architecture of the 1920s have changed a lot in the past few years and we now see much more clearly the direction in which Mackintosh was moving. Howarth's was, and still remains, a great book. Except for the omission of any mention of the Peter Macpherson building in Comrie and of the Moss at Drumgoyne where Mackintosh built a small detached house in 1926, which was destroyed in 1940, the work of Mackintosh's middle years will always be hard to better, even if marred at times by conventional architectural criticism. Few people will regret, however, that Mackintosh's work is not represented in a single random passage at Wexley Hill or take very seriously his severe strictures on the south-east angle of the Hill House. It is a pity he did not edit them out but they do not greatly matter. Howarth's book is a valuable and above all in time. A few years later and more than half his informants would have taken their precious recollections unrecorded to the grave. No new biographer can have that advantage.

That the 1914 competition designs for the training college and hotel at Jordanhill have not survived is a great misfortune: we are sadly

lacking in evidence as to how Mackintosh's architecture as against his interior design was developing at this time and they may well have been lost to that of Hoffmann and Laves than to that of the School of Art. By the time we know for sure that he had found himself again at the Derwent house in Northampton in 1916, taking Hoffmann, Urban and Offner's motifs to new levels of originality which transcended any indebtedness, it was too late: his connections with lost and Henderson had supplanted him for what were—if nothing else—perfectly sound business reasons with his dry competition-winning classicism. Nor can Howarth's account of Mackintosh's London years, when his interior design appears to have returned again to absolute simplicity, be said to be complete in terms of his work there, which has still never been fully researched. The subtle and ingenious textile designs which were probably his main source of income in the early 1920s are represented only by a single illustration and the new endpapers which Augustus John's studio, which he appears to have designed and built and which still exists, is shown altogether; and there is in his early notebooks evidence of the architectural activity which he served to be: although Howarth regards Mackintosh as in decline after 1909, the decline was in architectural productivity rather than quality or interest.

With the tremendous advances in the appreciation of the period generally over the past twenty-five years it is perhaps easy to have hindsight. Attitudes to the architecture of the 1920s have changed a lot in the past few years and we now see much more clearly the direction in which Mackintosh was moving. Howarth's was, and still remains, a great book. Except for the omission of any mention of the Peter Macpherson building in Comrie and of the Moss at Drumgoyne where Mackintosh built a small detached house in 1926, which was destroyed in 1940, the work of Mackintosh's middle years will always be hard to better, even if marred at times by conventional architectural criticism. Few people will regret, however, that Mackintosh's work is not represented in a single random passage at Wexley Hill or take very seriously his severe strictures on the south-east angle of the Hill House. It is a pity he did not edit them out but they do not greatly matter. Howarth's book is a valuable and above all in time. A few years later and more than half his informants would have taken their precious recollections unrecorded to the grave. No new biographer can have that advantage.

That the 1914 competition designs for the training college and hotel at Jordanhill have not survived is a great misfortune: we are sadly

lacking in evidence as to how Mackintosh's architecture as against his interior design was developing at this time and they may well have been lost to that of Hoffmann and Laves than to that of the School of Art. By the time we know for sure that he had found himself again at the Derwent house in Northampton in 1916, taking Hoffmann, Urban and Offner's motifs to new levels of originality which transcended any indebtedness, it was too late: his connections with lost and Henderson had supplanted him for what were—if nothing else—perfectly sound business reasons with his dry competition-winning classicism. Nor can Howarth's account of Mackintosh's London years, when his interior design appears to have returned again to absolute simplicity, be said to be complete in terms of his work there, which has still never been fully researched. The subtle and ingenious textile designs which were probably his main source of income in the early 1920s are represented only by a single illustration and the new endpapers which Augustus John's studio, which he appears to have designed and built and which still exists, is shown altogether; and there is in his early notebooks evidence of the architectural activity which he served to be: although Howarth regards Mackintosh as in decline after 1909, the decline was in architectural productivity rather than quality or interest.

With the tremendous advances in the appreciation of the period generally over the past twenty-five years it is perhaps easy to have hindsight. Attitudes to the architecture of the 1920s have changed a lot in the past few years and we now see much more clearly the direction in which Mackintosh was moving. Howarth's was, and still remains, a great book. Except for the omission of any mention of the Peter Macpherson building in Comrie and of the Moss at Drumgoyne where Mackintosh built a small detached house in 1926, which was destroyed in 1940, the work of Mackintosh's middle years will always be hard to better, even if marred at times by conventional architectural criticism. Few people will regret, however, that Mackintosh's work is not represented in a single random passage at Wexley Hill or take very seriously his severe strictures on the south-east angle of the Hill House. It is a pity he did not edit them out but they do not greatly matter. Howarth's book is a valuable and above all in time. A few years later and more than half his informants would have taken their precious recollections unrecorded to the grave. No new biographer can have that advantage.

That the 1914 competition designs for the training college and hotel at Jordanhill have not survived is a great misfortune: we are sadly

Lessons of the drawing-board

By Bruce Boucher

WOLFGANG LOTZ:
Studies in Italian Renaissance Architecture
220pp, MIT Press, £10.25.

Studies in Italian Renaissance Architecture is very much a celebration of a man and his writings. The book was conceived as a selection of the most important essays written by Wolfgang Lotz over the past twenty years. They range from studies of perspective and central plan churches to Palladio and town planning. Only two of the essays originally appeared in English with the rest having been published in German (Italian periodicals). These have now been translated, and Professor Lotz has added a postscript on each essay or group of essays in order to bring them up to date or to clarify a point. A number of Lotz's colleagues assisted in the process of selection and editing as well as scrutinizing the translations. In addition, one of the editorial committees, James Ackerman, has written a graceful introduction that outlines Lotz's contribution to the study of Renaissance architecture in general terms and in the context of each article presented. The result of this effort will, one trusts, bring the work of a great specialist before a wider audience.

Wolfgang Lotz's first published work was the drawing of a mid-sixteenth-century Italian architect Vignola. His interest in Vignola

led to a consideration of broader topics, that form the underlying theme of the book. In his *Italian Renaissance Architecture*, the importance of architectural drawings for the study of Renaissance architecture; the problem of defining architectural currents in Italy during the sixteenth century; and the Renaissance's approach to town planning. "The Rendering of the Interior in Architectural Drawings of the Renaissance," the longest essay in the book, offers a systematic survey of architectural drawings from Alberti and his contemporaries to Antonio da Sangallo the younger. By focusing upon the changing conception of the interior, Lotz creates a stimulating account of the growth of Renaissance architectural manipulation of space and volume.

The essay deals with two types of drawing: perspective and orthogonal elevation. In the former, perspective elevations derived from the perspective used by Renaissance artists, and Lotz sees the development of study illustrations as a necessary ingredient in the new spatial and architectural language of the sixteenth century. The subsequent development of orthogonal or non-perspective drawings of the interior came, in Lotz's argument, as a response to the demands for new technical drawings in the sixteenth century, and the rebuilding of St. Peter's. Orthogonal elevations thus marked a cleavage between the artist and the architect's modes of seeing and recording and led to the establishment of architectural elevations as a separate category of drawings.

The remaining essays are less

heavyweight than "The Rendering of the Interior," but each provides a thoughtful study of an aspect of Renaissance architecture. "Italian Architecture in the Later Sixteenth Century" reassesses the utility of terms like "mannerist" and "proto-baroque" for architecture between 1550 and 1600, that is between the two peaks of High Renaissance and Baroque. As a drawing of the interior, Lotz here again works from the evidence of buildings like Vignola's Gesù or Palladio's Palazzo Chiericati and postulates a classicizing re-statement of High Renaissance principles in the middle decades of the century. Vignola is a crucial figure for this analysis, but one may feel that Lotz has emphasized classicism by minimizing the less peripheral, more mannerist work of contemporaries like Andrea Palladio, Galeazzo Alessi, and Andrea Palladio. Whether or not one agrees with his conclusions of Lotz's article, it does provide a salutary corrective to earlier treatments of late sixteenth-century architecture in terms of pre-conceived stylistic definitions.

Lotz's writings on Renaissance town planning demonstrates the same openness of approach when dealing with its nebulous quantity. Strictly formal analyses of architecture often leave the impression that the architect's untrammelled by considerations of function, cost, or pre-existing structures without designing buildings. The survey of urban buildings contained in "Sixteenth-Century Italian Squares" demonstrates the absence of a rigid doctrinaire approach to remodeling squares on the part of Renaissance architects. While the sixteenth century witnessed a growing concern for uniform facades and plat-

ed symmetry in city squares, harmony was largely achieved through reconciling old and new. There were no absolute criteria, as Lotz points out, for architects to negotiate rather respect for the old and the empirical nature of most transformations, whether in Venice, Florence, or Bologna, ensured that "old Italian squares are hardly ever lost."

A second essay on the Piazza Ducale in Vicenza near Milan brings to bear documentary, architectural, and pictorial information in an attempt to reconstruct the appearance and significance of a late fifteenth-century square. In this case the extraordinary size of the square, its decoration and alignment with the ducal castle, point to its symbolic value as a reflection of political consolidation, which later changes have obscured. Moreover, Vignola demonstrates the fastidiousness of ancient form, as manifested by passages in Vignola's treatise, in which he states that the ideal to which Renaissance architects and their patrons aspired.

The MIT Press have done a great service in republishing these essays in such a useful and attractive volume. In addition the care given to the translations stands out conspicuously in these days of poorly translated books. The photographs have survived the change from glossy to matt printing without major loss of legibility (although the reproduction of the choir of Santa Maria del Popolo is a little too closely cropped for the purpose of a book of this size). In sum, *Studies in Italian Renaissance Architecture* is a welcome addition to a scholar's career, and one that happily is still in flower.

erul symmetry in city squares, harmony was largely achieved through reconciling old and new. There were no absolute criteria, as Lotz points out, for architects to negotiate rather respect for the old and the empirical nature of most transformations, whether in Venice, Florence, or Bologna, ensured that "old Italian squares are hardly ever lost."

A second essay on the Piazza Ducale in Vicenza near Milan brings to bear documentary, architectural, and pictorial information in an attempt to reconstruct the appearance and significance of a late fifteenth-century square. In this case the extraordinary size of the square, its decoration and alignment with the ducal castle, point to its symbolic value as a reflection of political consolidation, which later changes have obscured. Moreover, Vignola demonstrates the fastidiousness of ancient form, as manifested by passages in Vignola's treatise, in which he states that the ideal to which Renaissance architects and their patrons aspired.

The MIT Press have done a great service in republishing these essays in such a useful and attractive volume. In addition the care given to the translations stands out conspicuously in these days of poorly translated books. The photographs have survived the change from glossy to matt printing without major loss of legibility (although the reproduction of the choir of Santa Maria del Popolo is a little too closely cropped for the purpose of a book of this size). In sum, *Studies in Italian Renaissance Architecture* is a welcome addition to a scholar's career, and one that happily is still in flower.

The age of consolidation

By Andrew Saint

ALASTAIR SERVICE:
Edwardian Architecture
A Handbook to Building Design in Britain 1890-1914
216pp with 241 illustrations
Thames and Hudson, £5.50 (paperback), £29.50.

This is the second book of similar title that Alastair Service has produced recently. Its predecessor, *Edwardian Architecture and its Origins* (1975), was chiefly a compilation of essays from the *Architectural Review*, some of them going back to the magazine's beginnings in the 1890s. These were spiced with a few modern contributions, most of them (including Mr Service's own) lauding the "free style" and playing up the most "progressive" and "influential" among Edwardian buildings and architects.

The new book is different and better. In offering the subtitle "A

Handbook to Building Design in Britain 1890-1914," Mr Service lists three cats out of his bag. First, it is a small-format "handbook," it is devised as an accessible tool or guide for those who wish to know some simple facts about Edwardian buildings. For this alone, author and publisher deserve thanks; the many small photographs, lost in general less than might have been expected, and it is such a rarity these days to find an architectural book at a modest price that one had begun to believe that it could not be done.

Second, by using the somewhat modest phrase "building design," Mr Service indicates that his treatment is to be limited to the characteristic architectural procedures of distinguishing styles and awarding marks for precedence or aesthetic merit. This decision has implications as to what will be necessary to return. Lastly, the span of dates that he chooses hints that the Edwardian decade of architecture will not stand up by itself without a good show from behind.

The choice of dates is certainly reasonable, on the technical side (where Mr Service is, by and large,

scanty). It might be argued that the innovation of reinforced concrete and steel-framing came into full use specifically in the Edwardian era, and that many of the styles adopted by Edwardian architects, these techniques were foreshadowed and in some cases exploited in the 1890s. Nor was it until the last years before the First World War that their possibilities for architectural expression were often realized in Britain, as a comparison of, say, J. J. Burnet's Kodak Building in Kingsway (1910-11) with any high-class Edwardian office block will show. In style itself, it can be hazarded that the nine years of King Edward's reign produced very little at all that was startlingly new. Such different stars of its architectural firmament as Voysey, Baillie Scott, Belcher, Harrison Townsend, Edgar Wood, Eber, Newall, and Edward Prior even perhaps Lutyens as well, had laid down the lines of their development during Victoria's last decade, and were subsequently consolidating and quietening down.

Lutyens's case is not untypical. He enjoyed only seven golden years of creative design, from about 1894, during which he de-

signed much of his best-loved work, and then gradually moved (for houses at least) into a less experimental, though no less skilful, phase. At a lower level of achievement, the same could be said of many others whom Mr Service mentions. Two main exceptions, both capably covered in the book, can be made. One was the young Charles Holden, who only began practice in 1900 and soon, in a series of hospitals at Kennington, Millhar and Bristol, evolved his own personal style. The other was C. R. Mackintosh, whose revolutionary early work at the Glasgow School of Art, built only in 1907-09, owed something to Holden and something to Vienna. The conservatism of Edwardian Glasgow was doubtless one of the factors that was to cut short Mackintosh's further career, so he in a way can equally well be counted one of the period's casualties as one of its heroes.

Since consolidation is the keynote to Edwardian architecture proper, Mr Service to get his story going has been obliged to delve back into the 1890s, when radical theories of architecture and economic design were two a penny. Though buffeted intermittently by the squalls of conflicting building-types and fashions, a familiar direction to his narrative can still be described here and there. It is the celebration of the "Free Style," in fact of the nexus of vernacular styles and social attitudes generally termed the Arts and Crafts Movement, which emerged among the disciples of William Morris, Philip Webb and Norman Shaw in the late 1880s. Mr Service has a quick eye for the alternate beauty and bawiness of the ur-Arts and Crafts houses, among which those of the splendidly extreme Edwardian Frank Lloyd Wright are prominent. He points up the school's originality. But because he proceeds in terms of a coherent picture of such architects' ideology, nor convey why their movement began to change in the latter half of the period. Adept at enthusing and describing, he dodges the deeper explanations urgently wanted for a period of such artistic complexity.

If anything, this lacuna is more noticeable when Mr Service boldly plunges among the less "canonized" architects and their works. To the great classical flowering of civic building in the twenty years after the county councils were set up in 1888 he brings as brand and shrewd knowledge of what was best in the selection of examples. He will ensure that such fine designers as John Belcher, J. M. Brydon, H. T. Hare and Aston Webb are no longer relegated to the second rank merely because their skills were better suited to public and classical architecture than to domestic "free style" buildings. Yet he persists in dividing even this strong but loose strain of public building by style, with "High Edwardian Baroque" (by analogy with "neo-baroque" in one corner, "Neo-Mannerism" in another, and "Free Style" in yet another.

This kind of thing can only baffle most readers and make them think that Edwardian architecture is merely the middle they had always imagined. It misses (the crucial point) that architects commonly decided their treatment according to the tradition and association of a building-type, not out of preconceived commitment to a style. Intellect, public buildings in school or formal situations, and town-house drawing-rooms would generally be French, Offices and warehouses were frequently lined with Italian or Dutch detail. Schools, libraries, dining-rooms, small country houses and churches were the most emphatically English. The particular style of a civic building often made a precise reference to a classical manner, when in fact it was chiefly the previous tenor of his practice that had led him to employ an ultra-vernacular manner for small, remote country houses.

Others could be instanced to prove the same point, but one fine architect well served by the author is Sir John Lanyon. Like most of the great Edwardian architects, Stokes was brought up to the Gothic tradition and did excellent work in the style. This training gave him the structural backbone for a superb series of early telephone exchanges (many of them slyly demolished) which, to borrow Goodhart-Rendel's memorable phrase, played the "Gothic game with classical counters." Far from mixing motifs arbitrarily, they resulted just that level of urban dignity for which touches of classical ornament were deemed obligatory. But they do not sacrifice commercial need to the "orders," expensive in the early days. Such would without hesitation have given to a civic building.

Depending on your point of view, you can call this kind of architectural response either delicate, or, if you like, promiscuousness. But in face of it, the pertinent question becomes whether so short and limited a survey can really be explained by stylistic analysis, bereft of the many factors beyond architecture that made its cultural traditions so rich and so conflicting. It can be done if, like Sir Nikolaus Pevsner, an author is looking merely for the long-term hints in architectural style, but hardly otherwise. Empire was obviously a potent influence on the civic building of an era that culminated in Lutyens's great palace at Delhi. Again, pressures within the profession leading to the search for a formal architectural education such as could be had at the Ecole des Beaux Arts must help to account for the sudden and in many ways surprising turn towards French classicism at the turn of the century. These are just two of many points which might help to put in intelligible order the otherwise bewildering procession of styles offered up by Mr Service. He has done excellent spadework and presented the facts lucidly and readably, no small feat in view of the complexities involved. It would be good to see him now have a real go at interpreting them.

Social Systems and the Evolution of Action Theory

Talcott Parsons (Harvard University)
This new collection of essays, by one of America's most outstanding social scientists, offers an important developmental perspective on the origins and outcomes of his theoretical concerns.
240pp, 198pp, £12.00.

Handbook of Political Socialism

S. Renston (New York City University)
An assessment of the influence of the family, school and the mass media in the development of political and social attitudes, and a guide to the processes of political learning and moral development throughout life.
240pp, 198pp, £12.00.

The Problem of the Philosophy of History

Georg Simmel (Trans: Guy Oakes)
This classic in social thought is probably Simmel's chief contribution to the philosophy of the social sciences. It is a study of the relationship between history and philosophy, and the concept of progress in history.
240pp, 198pp, £12.00.

FREE PRESS

